

The GRAPHIC



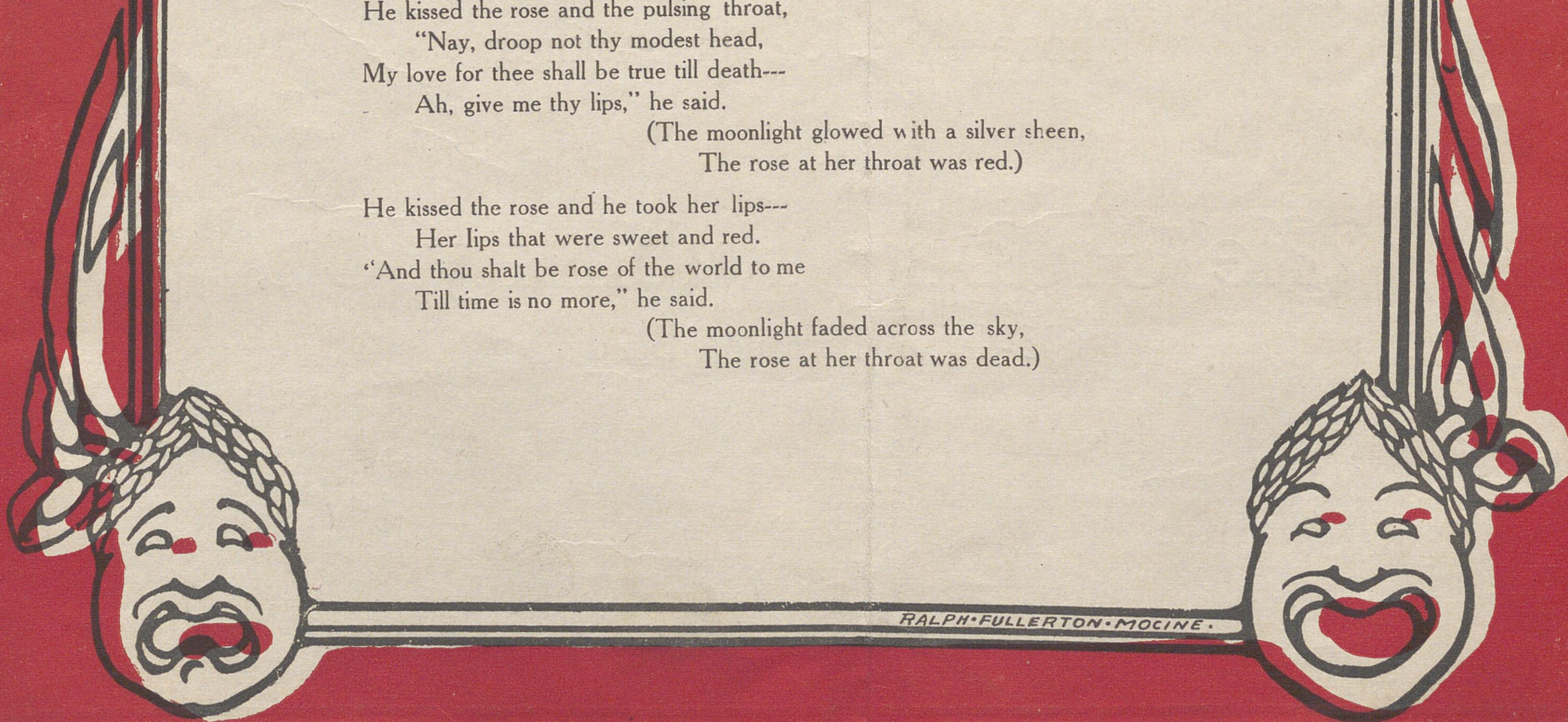
PLUCKED ROSES

By CAROLINE REYNOLDS

He plucked from the dewy bush a rose
That blushed in the garden bed.
He laid it close to her warm white throat---
"Ah, give me thy lips," he said.
(The wind was soft with the bloom of spring---
The rose at her throat was red.)

He kissed the rose and the pulsing throat,
"Nay, droop not thy modest head,
My love for thee shall be true till death---
Ah, give me thy lips," he said.
(The moonlight glowed with a silver sheen,
The rose at her throat was red.)

He kissed the rose and he took her lips---
Her lips that were sweet and red.
'And thou shalt be rose of the world to me
Till time is no more," he said.
(The moonlight faded across the sky,
The rose at her throat was dead.)



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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



MR. WILSON'S MESSAGE OF UPLIFT

PRESIDENT Wilson's inaugural address is pitched in a minor key. There are no heroics, no spread-eagleism, no buncombe, no projection of the ego, no grandiloquent promises. Sincerity is the dominant note throughout and restraint is manifest in every line. Simply and briefly the head of the nation interprets the meaning of the change of government which he sees to be much more than the success of a party; it is the nation awakened to a sense of danger and discarding those things to which the people had grown so accustomed that their sinister aspect had become dimmed. Enabled to comprehend the menacing character of the evils long condoned or ignored they have snapped the gyves that a selfish system imposed and with candid, fearless gaze now face what a specious mask for years managed to conceal.

It is given to the Democratic party to be the instrument of restoration, the returning to the people of that which the privileged few have been allowed to take from the many. At last, says Mr. Wilson, we are vouchsafed a vision of our national life as a whole. We see the bad with the good, the debased and decadent with the sound and vital. The duty of the Democrats is "to cleanse, to reconsider, to restore, to correct the evil without impairing the good, to purify and humanize every process of our common life without weakening or sentimentalizing it." He continues:

There has been something crude and heartless and unfeeling in our haste to succeed and be great. Our thought has been "Let every man look out for himself, let every generation look out for itself," while we reared giant machinery which made it impossible that any but those who stood at the levers of control should have a chance to look out for themselves. We had not forgotten our morals. We remembered well enough that we had set up a policy which was meant to serve the humblest as well as the most powerful, with an eye single to the standards of justice and fair play, and remembered it with pride. But we were very heedless and in a hurry to be great.

Herein we get a hint of the method of procedure to be adopted by the President in carrying out the mandates of the people. "To correct the evil without impairing the good" we interpret to mean that in the attempt to remedy the glaring defects of the protective system those industries that actually require governmental coddling are not to be sacrificed. It also applies to the method of proceeding against the trusts. Big Business that is legitimate will not be harried, but the artificially created corporation that depends upon the viciously high tariffs for sustenance and would suppress rivals in order to control home markets will be summarily dealt with. It is to be a harking back to first principles, the square deal for all, that was promised by a picturesque predecessor in the White

House, but, alas, whose views on the tariff were so atrophied that the faults in the protective system could not be discerned. To broaden our markets, give the individual greater opportunity, and to protect the consumer rather than the predatory producer will be the chief concern of the party in power if Mr. Wilson's policies are properly supported.

Second in importance is the necessity for reconstructing our banking and currency system so that panics may be avoided and Wall street robbed of exercising undue power in times of financial stress. Then the industrial system is to be altered, to the end that capital shall not be in leading strings. Greater opportunities are to be sought for labor, and the exploitation of the natural resources of the country without renewing or conserving the same is to be checked. "We have studied," says Mr. Wilson, "as perhaps no other nation has the most effective means of production, but we have not studied cost or economy as we should either as organizers of industry, as statesmen or as individuals."

In other ways the party is to restore to the people their just heritage if the President can work his will: In safeguarding the health of the men, the women and the children of the nation, as well as their rights in the struggle for existence. Not on sentimental grounds. The firm basis of government is justice, not pity, it is quietly said. The first duty of law is to keep sound the society it serves and so sanitary laws, pure food laws, and laws determining the conditions of labor which individuals are powerless to determine for themselves are intimate parts of the very business of justice and legal efficiency we are told.

Thus, the lofty strain continues. It is the outlook of a man of high purpose not yet come in too harsh contact with the conflicting minds of men whose selfish aspirations and too often sordid motives conspire to defeat the coming of the millenium. For that, in effect, is the goal Mr. Wilson would reach if all his hopes could be fulfilled. He tells us that the high enterprise of the new day is "to lift everything that concerns our life as a nation to the light that shines from the hearthfire of every man's conscience and vision of the right," a picturesque sentence and beautiful sentiment, to be sure. In his closing words the language employed by Mr. Lincoln at Gettysburg recurs to mind. Listen: "This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!"

We sincerely hope the country will not tire in upholding the hands of this modern Moses who comes to lead a harassed people out of the wilderness in which they have long wandered, a prey to the selfish greed of cormorantic giants.

SETTING PRESIDENTIAL PRECEDENTS

SINCERELY is it to be hoped that President Wilson will not permit himself to be dissuaded from his announced intention of declining to see applicants for office personally, except upon invitation for an interview. If he is to give his undivided attention to the serious policies affecting the nation's welfare it is manifestly impossible that he should expend his time and energies in interviewing place-hunters. When the executive head of a large corporation appoints bureau chiefs he holds them responsible for

the general efficiency of their several departments, which means that they must decide upon the qualifications of their subordinates. In like manner President Wilson purposes that his cabinet officers shall, in the main, pass upon the applicants for position in their jurisdiction. It is a sensible and entirely commendatory course.

Its strict application will relegate to Postmaster General Burleson an enlarged scope of responsibility, as compared with his predecessors. Heretofore, the drudgery of settling factional local fights has devolved upon the President, acting with senators and representatives. It has been the bane of White House existence, more irritating to the presidential nerves than the knottiest problem of governmental affairs. Doubtless, in the larger and more important centers the President will reserve the right of decision in making appointments, but in the majority of instances the rule enunciated will be followed. Evidently, the executive approaches his new duties with a clearly-defined understanding of the tasks ahead and a carefully considered method of procedure. It is to be in no sense an academic administration.

Of course, application of this rule will cause grief to many patriots, but it is, nevertheless, a highly gratifying resolution and one that will receive the hearty indorsement of the non-office-seeking nation. How refreshing to find a President with the courage, first, to eliminate the stupid and costly inaugural ball; second, the handshaking, physical torture; third, the office-hunting pest. Really, the so-called college pedant is setting precedents that will presently cause his sneering critics to rub their eyes, pinch themselves and, if they are honest, hasten to retract all their gibes and jeers. It is a new kind of presidential genus homo that is unfolded to public ken.

SALAAMS TO THE SAGE OF SAN GABRIEL

PASADENA and the San Gabriel valley will rise with alacrity to second the proposed nomination of Hon. George S. Patton, the Sage and Chesterfield of San Gabriel, as the Democratic candidate for governor of California. The northern half of the state concedes that after three governors—Messrs. Pardee, Gillett and Johnson—have come from north of the Tehachapi, it is only fair that Southern California, with a larger voting constituency, shall name the next governor. As the recent presidential election points indubitably to a Democratic victory for the state ticket, to be chosen next year, already leading men in the party are casting about for a winning candidate and the choice of San Francisco Democrats has alighted on our own George S. Patton as the likeliest and best man to go before the people seeking their suffrages.

It is a capital decision. Mr. Patton, besides being an original Wilson man, has one of the most attractive personalities the state holds. A graduate of the University of Virginia, he combines with his scholarship the culture that even the best of our higher educational institutions cannot impart. That savoir-vivre which comes from within is present in Mr. Patton to a delightful degree. A close student of state and national politics, he is a forceful speaker, a sound reasoner, with just enough humor interjected to insure against boring his audiences. Platitudes and bromides are foreign to his nature. He is as original in his thinking as he is handsome in his exterior and below the surface his sensibilities vie with his pulchritudinous charms.

There is a possibility that President Wilson will file prior claim on the Sage of San Gabriel, the Hon. George S. Patton, but in that case we shall insist that a stout tether be attached to his political person

to be tugged at a later period, when his state demands his presence at home to lead his party to victory in 1914. With this understanding, we are willing to relinquish our next governor for a brief sojourn, our unselfishness inclining that Washington may bask for a time in the qualities of heart and mind that have so endeared their possessor to Southern California for upward of thirty years.

GLANCE AT THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET

DESPITE the rigid silence maintained by Mr. Wilson in regard to his cabinet appointments the public is in nowise surprised by the announcements sent in to the senate for confirmation. In one or two instances, notably in the case of Franklin K. Lane for secretary of the interior, the unexpected occurred, although the change was indicated several days ago. Disappointment has been expressed because Louis D. Brandeis of Boston was not included in the official family, but this omission is explained by the reported plan to enlist his services for the interstate commerce commission, so that he may be able to pursue certain investigations he has at heart in regard to the original cost of railroad building in the country. The eleventh hour change, which included Lane, was apparently made with the full approval of Brandeis.

Mr. Bryan for secretary of state is not the same Bryan who burgeoned into political prominence seventeen years ago with his sensational "Crown of thorns and cross of gold" speech at Chicago, which caused him to be acclaimed Democratic leader then and thereafter through three presidential campaigns. It is a bigger, wiser, more matured, better balanced Bryan in every way. He has lived to see the fallacy of his 16 to 1 silver theory and he has also lived to see the acceptance of many of his doctrines, once pronounced chimerical and wild-eyed, now become corner stones of all political parties. His year abroad was a liberal education and should prove helpful in his present position. He is not ideally fitted for the portfolio by previous training and predilections, but to the Wilson administration he can be a tower of strength, since his popularity with the party is unquestioned and both in senate and house he can sway votes to administrative measures. That he will be a loyal supporter of Mr. Wilson's policies is not to be doubted.

For his administrative ability Mr. Wilson chose Vice Chancellor Lindley M. Garrison of New Jersey to be his secretary of war. The Philippine and Panama questions will call for the exercise of unusual sapientcy of judgment in which regard Secretary Garrison is said to be well equipped. He is viewed as one of the foremost of New Jersey's brilliant representative men and is a close personal friend of the President. It was the brilliant young William G. McAdoo of New York who, together with McCombs, did yeoman work for Wilson at Baltimore and still later in the campaign. A lawyer by profession, a man of affairs by choice he should make a favorable impression on the country as secretary of the treasury. No untried hand is James Clark McReynolds, who served as assistant attorney general in the second Cleveland administration and is now advanced to the head of the office. Of late years he has been retained as assistant counsel for the United States in proceedings against the tobacco trust and anthracite coal railroads and is looked upon as an especially strong man for the attorney generalship.

Texas yields one of her congressmen in the person of Albert Sidney Burleson for postmaster general. He, too, is a lawyer. He has served through seven terms in the lower house and was reelected to the sixty-third congress last November. North Carolina is given the naval portfolio, the choice falling on Josephus Daniels, a newspaper publisher of Raleigh. He is the member of the Democratic National Executive Committee from North Carolina.

California is proud to be represented by Franklin K. Lane, who has given so excellent an account of himself as a member of the interstate commerce commission. The estimation in which he is held in his

own state was shown by the handsome vote given him as candidate of his party for governor in 1902, receiving the party vote for United States senator the following year. That he will prove equally acceptable as secretary of the interior as an interstate commerce commissioner is not to be doubted.

For secretary of agriculture the President went to Washington University, St. Louis, to get his material, taking Chancellor David Franklin Houston, who is regarded as an authority on political science. He has served as president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, is a member of the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission and in various other ways comes to his official position with a well-stored, experienced mind.

William C. Redfield, unlike Secretary Burleson, was not elected to the sixty-third congress; in fact, his sojourn at Washington is limited to the one term which expired this week. But he has been commissioner of public works for the borough of Brooklyn, has been a large employer of labor in the manufacturing business, hence is a man of practical experience. For the newly created post of secretary of labor the author of the bill responsible for the cabinet position has been named, William Bauchop Wilson, who has served three terms in congress from Pennsylvania. He has been actively associated with trade-union affairs since early manhood and was international secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America for eight years. His occupation is given in the congressional directory as farming, but with nine children to support it is evident that he is a busy father besides, since he is not yet 51. Altogether, it is a practical body of men that Mr. Wilson has gathered about him for counsel and support and fairly illustrates his belief that a public office is a sacred trust. The nation should rest serenely in view of the eminent fitness of the cabinet for the duties that lie ahead.

OUR TWENTY-EIGHTH PRESIDENT

WHAT manner of man is this who, at the national capital Tuesday, was sworn in as twenty-eighth President of these United States? Mr. William G. McAdoo, who goes into the cabinet as secretary of the treasury, in the March Century, tells us that Mr. Wilson's mind, his character and even his physique are largely self-produced. At thirty a class lecture would tire him so completely that at times he would have to lie down and rest. At fifty-six he can speak most of the day and far into the night, sleep on a railway-train, repeat the operation next day and through the succeeding weeks of political campaigning without distress. As to his face, it is said: "The handsome, gray-blue eyes and the long jaw were given him by nature, but the firm mouth, the strong lines of the face, the keen but kindly look of the eyes, the thoughtful but untroubled brow—all these Mr. Wilson has put into his own face by long years of self-mastery and mastery of difficult and arduous tasks."

Equally progressive has been his mental growth. He has schooled himself, against his temperament, to work systematically and not wait for the inspiration. After many years of discipline, he was heard to say laughingly that he had tamed himself to be a regular mill-horse. Orderliness has marked all the processes by which he has approached the large problems with which he has had to deal in his career as college president and practical statesman. His project for democratizing Princeton was carefully planned long before he became college president and in his thorough way he strove to accomplish what he believed was for the best interests of the student seeking a sound educational system. His plan of breaking the college into small residence groups is known in English universities as the "quadrangle" system. In Princeton circles this is abbreviated to "quad." "Mr. Wilson," declares Mr. McAdoo, "once humorously said, in referring to his failure to secure its adoption, that he had not gotten the 'quad,' but he had gotten the 'wrangle.' Having a fairly good acquaintance with Mr. Wilson's style, we can assure Mr. McAdoo that he is doing the President of the United

States an injustice in charging him with the use of the archaic and reprehensible Scotticism "gotten."

He believes in going to the root to extirpate evils, which is why he has fine scorn for crutches, plasters and tonics in prescribing for the discriminative tariff. His mind deals with the concrete, but with the underlying principle in the concrete. It was feared that when he took to the stump he would be pedantic and fire over the heads of his audiences. But he proved to be so adaptive that he charmed his hearers by his simple exposition of the fundamentals of politics without ever descending to any trick of cheap oratory. His vocabulary is large, but in the main simple and unaffected. He is like Lincoln in his apt use of stories and with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and an exceptional sense of refined humor he is singularly felicitous as a speaker. His methods are so quiet, as compared with Mr. Roosevelt's, that his audiences are slow to realize that he is as indomitable a fighter as the Colonel himself. But he is more interested in the object of the fight, less in the mere excitement of fighting. Says the portrayer of this character sketch:

Possibly, it is the Irish in him that gives him zest for a fight and the Scotch in him that gives him fixity of purpose in his fighting and a willingness to resist when the battle has been won. He once said, in admitting the charge that he had some Irish in his composition, that "there is something in me that takes the strain off my Scotch conscience occasionally and gives me delightful irresponsible moments."

It is of interest to learn that his favorite reading is found in the speeches of Burke, the essays of Bagehot, Augustine Birrell, Chesterton, poems of Wordsworth and Browning, and in Shakespeare, passages from Henry V. Which suggests that the quality that especially pleases him in literature is manliness. His favorite novelist is Scott, his favorite novel "Lorna Doone." His Biblical heroes are the essentially manly men of the Bible, Nehemiah, St. Paul and the centurion of the Gospel. He is gentle toward helpfulness and pain, has an abhorrence of the maudlin sentimental, is pitiless in his judgments of people who commit frauds and hypocrisies, but he is merciful in his judgments of those who are merely stupid. The paramount claim on Woodrow Wilson is duty. He believes that public office is a sacred trust. He will not pay personal or political debts with public office. The sole test with him is fitness and the general good. His strength is the strength of tranquility. By nature a man of strong passions he has learned how to master them and render them subservient to his will. Naturally, he is fond of reading aloud Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" and "The Ode to Duty." He has not stooped to mere success. Politics is not a game with him. He will not compromise principle for expediency, nor surrender conviction for advantage. We agree thoroughly with Mr. McAdoo's concluding sentence: "Mr. Wilson has done much to revitalize political virtue in this country. He has given us a new moral vision and a finer conception of the meaning of democracy." We thank the able New Yorker for this illuminating article which we have summarized and, in places, transcribed for brevity's sake. It gives a clear insight into the character of the man to whom the country must look for guidance in the next four years.

SIGNS OF DISINTEGRATION

FROM the outset of the Huerta-Diaz coup d'état it has been patent to the close student of Mexican affairs that the main disaffection against the new order would lie in the northern states, in Chihuahua, Coahuilla and Sonora especially. Hence it is, that news of the repudiation by the Sonora legislature of the Huerta government has in it no element of surprise. It is the expected that has happened, that was bound to happen, and this initial declaration is merely the forerunner of others of like import whose announcement will mean a divided Mexico, that will appeal to the United States for annexation or protection as a separate political entity before it will yield to force of arms.

Naturally, the northern half of Mexico, in con-

stant intercommunication with the American border cities, has become less and less amenable to dictation from Mexico City as the civilizing influences of the greater republic have permeated the several Mexican states. The liberty-loving Americans have, in a subtle, indefinable manner, impregnated the northern states with a spirit of discontent that will no longer brook the dictatorial conduct of a Porfirio Diaz nor yet of his school of murderous successors. The ways of the assassin are not their way; they have learned that the ballot is preferable to the bullet and they are now prepared to fight, if need be, for their precious liberties which are in jeopardy.

We believe that the northern half of Mexico is more nearly ready for self-government than any other section of the republic. The leaders of thought and of commerce see more clearly than their brethren farther south that the day has come when brute force shall control the masses and a self-appointed despot be the arbiter of the lives and liberty of millions. Temporarily, the assassins of Madero and Suarez may succeed in setting up a semblance of organized rule, but a government that is sought to be founded on so tottering a base as that on which Huerta stands cannot endure. The real revolution of Mexico is about to begin. It is a revolt of those who have tasted the sweets of liberty, who have had opportunity to contrast the moral and educational standards of the American republic with the benighted condition of their own land and the result cannot long remain in doubt. Through the higher and nobler channels indicated the regeneration of Mexico will come and Sonora's lead will be presently followed by other of the more advanced, liberty-loving states.

VALE, WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

MONDAY President of the greatest republic in the world, the day after, a private citizen, a lecturer on jurisprudence at Yale University, it is a pleasure to pay a measure of respect to the really notable virtues of the retiring executive, whose administration, while considered by and large has proved a failure and yet whose personal integrity, high mindedness and laudable intentions to do what was for the best, even his bitterest political enemies cannot truthfully refute. That he made grievous blunders that proved disastrous to his political prestige by angering the masses is unquestioned; his trusting nature was sadly deceived from the day he took office, and by his inability to form decisions from within, on conviction, he lost many supporters.

Mr. Taft will be best known by his vetoes, using the qualifying adjective in its physical rather than in its ethical sense. If he had vetoed those bills that he signed instead of reversing the operation, he would today be facing a renewal of his tenure of office in place of preparing to leave Washington. His initial blunder was in approving the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. His pre-election pledges committed him to a revision of the tariff downward. He not only allowed the Cannon-Payne-Aldrich coterie to induce him to ignore his promises to the people, but in his blindness he went so far as to applaud the farcical revision in his foolish Winona speech. This was a fatal error. From that day his chances to succeed himself vanished into thin air.

Followed the overthrow of the dominant party in the house, the inevitable sequence of the folly of the majority in likewise ignoring the Taft pledge as implied in the platform. True, it did not say, specifically, revision "downward," but the people had every right to believe that was its intent. With the advent of Democratic power the opportunity to approve genuine reductions in schedules notoriously unfair to the consumers was offered to Mr. Taft, who took refuge in the old party shibboleth of "protection" to American industries, and although it is an exploded tenet he withheld his approval and the senate with fatuous heedlessness upheld him in his course. With what result the changed complexion in the upper house coeval with Mr. Wilson's accession to office testifies.

In this adherence to party traditions Mr. Taft

showed himself lacking in executive initiative. The fault is temperamental. Mr. Taft, alas, is not of the Cassius build and fat men never were known to lead storming parties; they follow the lines of least resistance as a rule. In other of his vetoes there was room for difference of opinion. We believe him to be in error in disapproving the immigration bill because of the literacy test; that, however, is a controversial rather than a fundamental deflection. His veto of the interstate commerce liquor traffic inhibitory measure was based on the conviction that it is unconstitutional. Herein we see his legal mind dominating. But not his the province to supersede the duties of the United States supreme court, as both houses of congress probably argued when they passed the bill over his veto. His approval of the canal measure with its free toll clause, besmirching the honor of the country, is one of his most regrettable acts.

On the other hand his efforts to introduce economies in the official service, his desire to extend civil service rules to presidential appointees—named by senators and representatives to pay political debts, the bane of administrative life—are lightly commendable. His well-meant reciprocity treaty with Canada, while inconsistent with his standpatism, was all to his credit. His sturdy declaration that the recall should not apply to the judiciary was a model of sound argument and his plan for a budget as a means of locating responsibility for receipts and expenditures of the government is still fresh in memory as a departure from custom worthy of the heartiest approval. For his temperamental shortcomings we have no harsh words. Mr. Taft has admitted that his besetting sin is a disposition to procrastinate, an indisposition to labor hard. This was seen in his acceptance of reports of department chiefs who led him astray; if he had dug into the facts himself he would have avoided many pitfalls. However, if he has not been a success as an executive for the reasons briefly outlined he has been an official untouched by a breath of scandal, a man of many friends, whose charming disposition has justly endeared him to those privileged to know him well. He retires, without prejudice, respected for his qualities of heart and mind, and with the good wishes of the American people, regardless of political affiliations. Even the Republican party, divided as it is, will forgive him for his obtuseness in demanding to be a candidate for a second term when he alone of ninety millions of people believed he had a chance of reelection.

PRODUCTIVITY OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

FROM the advance sheets of Secretary of State Jordan's Blue Book compilation we learn that Los Angeles county ranks first in seven particulars among the fifty-eight counties of the state, leading in the value of all farm property, of all crops, in fruit and nuts, of hay and grain, of dairy products, in number of bearing lemon trees, and first in sugar beet production. Continuing along these comparative lines we find that Los Angeles county ranks second in number of poultry, in bearing orange trees, in cost of irrigation enterprises, in bearing olive trees, and in walnut product; third in honey product, and in potato crop; fourth in number of bearing apple trees, and in mineral product; fifth in milk product, sixth in alfalfa yield, eighth in number of apricot trees and eighth in grape product. It is a goodly showing.

Nearly \$200,000,000 valuation on our farm property, an increase in ten years of 167.3 per cent. Domestic animals on farms valued at \$5,000,000 and not on farms \$3,500,000 more, in round figures. Dairy products worth \$1,500,000 in 1910, another million for poultry, a milk yield of 8,500,000 gallons, the butter output for the year ending September 30, 1911, of 482,000 pounds. Eggs reaching 2,032,397 dozen, 26,000 colonies of bees with a honey product of 1,290,000 pounds valued, with the wax, at \$93,569. The total value of all crops in the year ending 1910, the complete figures of which are those available, amounting to \$14,720,884. Fruit is a large factor in contributing to the county's prosperity. There are 446,698 bearing orchard fruit trees; 1,994,402 bearing tropical

fruit trees, and 359,349 bearing nut trees. Itemized, the result shows 101,433 bearing apple trees, 160,197 bearing peach and nectarine trees, 16,149 bearing pear trees, 43,592 bearing plum and prune trees, 122,769 bearing apricot trees.

It is a surprise to learn that the apple crop of the county in 1910—and all statistics given are based on United States census and authentic state reports—amounted to 118,528 bushels. Peaches and nectarines produced 234,581 bushels, pears yielded 21,161 bushels, plums and prunes 34,295 bushels and apricots 181,079 bushels. Of bearing nut trees we had 5,736 in the year named; 1,674,695 bearing orange trees; 219,149 bearing lemon trees; 84,924 bearing olive trees, and 6,853 bearing pomelo trees. The latter fruit, we venture to enlighten our eastern tourist friends, is the grape fruit so enjoyed as a starter at the matutinal meal, following a belated bridge party the night previous. Of bearing almond trees there are 76,949, yielding 57,770 pounds; and the 281,837 bearing walnut trees gave down 6,138,033 pounds. The total mineral product for 1910 was \$5,525,317. The total petroleum yield in the county in the same time was valued at \$3,185,433.

We believe these figures will prove an eye opener to others than our visitors from abroad, conveying as they do a comprehensive idea of the wonderfully varied productivity of the county. Physically, Los Angeles county is described by Sherrell Osborne as comprising broad, beautiful valleys, splendid rugged pine and oak covered mountains, a varied coast line washed for eighty miles or more by the Pacific ocean; a county of desert, of valley, of mountain, of seashore; having fruits, grain, sunshine and flowers; orchards, alfalfa farms, vineyards; astonishing oil productivity; a county whose fertility, whose resources and widely-varying products have made it one of the richest domains in western America.

Secretary Jordan pays his respects to Los Angeles city in a specially prepared article in which full tribute is paid the activities of the county seat. Pasadena, ranking second in importance, is extolled for her beautiful homes, her world-famous streets and foliage, her educational institutions. The interior towns receive due attention and the beach resorts share in the publicity that is their proper meed. Well illustrated, the article is a valuable addition to literature bearing on this section of Southern California which Secretary Jordan finds so wonderfully resourceful.

GRAPHITES

Vale, William Howard Taft, your kindly smile
A mind reflected innocent of guile;
Though you a disappointment proved in many ways,
Now at your going we have naught but praise.

Four hundred California oysters were stolen from a Los Angeles fish company last night. Sounds like a cocktail.

Felix Diaz has announced his candidacy for the presidency of the Mexican republic and Uncle Porfirio is to be drafted into the campaign. It is reactionary politics run mad.

William McCombs, the Princeton wonder, is to have an important diplomatic post, if he wants it. Nobody will begrudge him his reward, but it costs money to represent Uncle Sam at any important foreign post.

All mail boxes and other outdoor equipment of the postoffice department, save the delivery wagons, are to be painted red is the order of Postmaster General Hitchcock. How the late 'Gene Field would have rejoiced at this display. "Any color so long as it is red," he was wont to exclaim with plaintive insistence when asked as to his favorite hue.

If Dr. Friedmann has to wait on the New York medical board to practice it is only right. The rule is an excellent one and is for the protection of the public. He may have a great cure, he may be over-sanguine, as so many more like him have been proved. Leading physicians, in nowise jealous of the Berlin physician, since their own fame is assured, point out that his methods have not been entirely creditable and are in marked contrast to the course pursued by the distinguished Dr. Koch. It is honest and justifiable criticism.

Count Leo Tolstoy on Justice Gone Awry—By Randolph Bartlett

(THIRTY-SIXTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMA)

WHETHER in England or in Russia, in America or in France, dramatists are seldom so bitter, their themes seldom so tragic, as when they deal with the processes of the law courts and the course of human justice. It is not against law in itself that they direct their shafts, but against its administration. Their grievance is that the law is enforced literally, and that exceptions are not made in exceptional cases. Galsworthy in "The Silver Box" and "Justice," Brieux in "Maternity," Klein in "The Third Degree," and Strindberg and Ibsen in many dramas draw pictures of men and women suffering from the workings of laws which they have violated with the highest of motives, or which circumstances convict them of violating when they are really innocent. This is the more impressive from the fact that the judicial procedure in these countries varies so greatly. If wrongs exist under the autocratic system of Russia one would expect them to be remedied in the democratic jurisprudence of America; if chaos results from the almost free debating forum in France where the judge is, theoretically, counsel for both defense and prosecution, one would expect order and calm balancing of evidence in the more dignified English method. Yet the dramatist is ever dissatisfied. The individual, endeavoring to live his life in his own way, following his own ideals, continually seems to the dramatist to be the victim of the courts.

Count Leo Tolstoy was a strong individualist, and individualism, carried to its logical conclusion, means anarchy, in the highest sense. Now anarchy is too closely related to nihilism to be a popular doctrine with the powers that be in Russia, and so it was necessary for the great realist to curb his revolutionary tendencies, and there is always the sense of repression in his work. The subtle essence of revolt against the established order is ever present, but political conditions forced him to speak through the spirit, and not the letter of his creations.

In "The Man Who Was Dead," also known under the title "The Living Corpse," Tolstoy presents one of these typical dramatic pictures, of a man seeking to do the right, sinking out of sight, destroying all that is worth while in his own life, for the sake of two others whose happiness he hopes to establish, and then being dragged out into the light, lifted back into life from his living death, because the letter of the law must be obeyed, and the transgressors punished, even when their transgression was involuntary.

Fedia and his wife Lisa (I use the diminutives in preference to the unwieldy Russian names) are separated. Fedia has developed a habit of roaming about with gypsies, has squandered whatever money he could lay his hands upon, and in general has been an unsatisfactory husband. Still, it appears that he has big, lovable qualities, and although the separation has come as the culmination of a long series of unhappy incidents, Lisa rebels at the idea of being parted from him forever. In this she is supported by her young sister, Sasha, but her mother, Anna, is eager to bring about a divorce and a marriage with Karenin, an old friend and former suitor, orthodox, sound and respectable in every way—a really admirable type of the conventional member of society. It is plain that Lisa and Karenin are well matched, but the wife has Karenin go to find her husband and plead for him to return. Karenin is faithful to his trust, but fails, and Sasha also is repulsed in an effort at reconciliation. It is thus made plain that there is no means of reuniting the family.

Logically enough, Lisa and Karenin soon discover their mutual affection, but Karenin's religious views, although he is willing to sacrifice them, are opposed to the marriage of divorced persons, unless they are entirely innocent, and an agreed divorce does not comply with this principle. Anna must be divorced because of Fedia's infidelity in order to satisfy the Karenin ideals. This is not so easy as it seems, for while Fedia's life has been reckless, it has been free from actual blame, in the sense of providing material for a divorce.

So another ambassador is sent to Fedia—Prince Abreskov. He sets the facts before the husband, who keeps sinking lower and lower as the play progresses, and asks him to make a confession such as will suit the needs of the situation. It is no news to Fedia that his wife and Karenin love each other. He declares that it was a feeling that this dormant affection existed which cast a shadow over his married life, and caused him to seek relief in dissipation, but lying and cheating are repugnant to him, and he declares that it is impossible for him

to accede to the request of the prince. However, he finally sends word that he will free Lisa, and it soon develops that he proposes to do so by committing suicide. As he is about to carry out this resolve he is interrupted by a gypsy girl, Masha, with whom his relations have been, as he puts it, poetical but honorable. She suggests a plan of pretending to have drowned himself, leaving his clothes and a note by a stream—it is known he cannot swim—and dropping from sight. He consents, the plan is carried out, Lisa and Karenin marry.

Fedia's degradation grows more intense. So far as the world is concerned, he is dead. This relieves him of all feeling of responsibility, and he becomes a degenerate drunkard, and is found in conditions of utter hopelessness. He babbles to a companion of the thing he has done, is overheard by a rascal, a blackmailer, who informs the police. Fedia's history is traced, and Lisa, Karenin and Fedia all arrested on charges centering about the crime of bigamy. They are taken before an examining magistrate, and Fedia, confronted by his wife and her second husband, is questioned, until, defiant, he bursts out in a tirade against the authorities:

MAGISTRATE. Did Mr. Karenin and his wife know you were alive when you left your clothes on the bank and disappeared?

FEDIA. They did not. There can be no doubt about that. I actually intended to kill myself, but then— But I need not tell you all that. The point is that they did not know.

MAGISTRATE. Your statements to the police officer contained a different story. What is the meaning of that?

FEDIA. What police officer? Oh, yes, a police officer came to the Rjanov night-shelter to see me. I was drunk, and I told all sorts of lies. I don't remember now what I said. That was all nonsense. Now I am not drunk, and I am telling you the truth. They did not know. They believed me dead. How glad I was they did. And it would have been all right for ever but for that wretch Artemiev. But if somebody must be found guilty, it is only I.

MAGISTRATE. I understand your desire to be generous, but the law wants the truth. Why had you money sent to you? (Fedia makes no answer.)

MAGISTRATE. You received that money through a man named Semenov, in Saratov. (Fedia makes no answer.)

MAGISTRATE. Why do you not answer? My report will mention that the defendant did not answer these questions. This would certainly be in favor of the prosecution, and hurt both you and the other two. Don't you see that?

FEDIA. (Silent for a moment, then passionately.) Oh, are you not ashamed, sir? Why do you thrust yourself into other people's lives! You are engrossed by the power you possess, and you must show it off! You cause endless pain—moral pain, much worse than physical torture—to those who are a thousand times better and worthier than you.

MAGISTRATE. I beg—

FEDIA. Don't beg. I will tell you what I think, and you (to the clerk) just write it down. At least, for the first time, one of these reports will contain sense, and something manly. (Raising his voice.) There are three of us; she, he, and I. The relations between us have been very complicated; a moral struggle, the like of which you never dreamed of. This struggle has brought about a situation which solved the difficulties. All our troubles were over. They were happy, they loved my memory. I, in my disgrace, was happy too, because I had done the right thing; because I had disappeared from life—and quite right, too—so as not to be in the way of those who were full of life and lived an honest life. We all lived as we ought to. Then suddenly a blackmailing blackguard comes along, and wants me to be a party to his plan of blackmail. I turn him out. He goes to you, the champion of justice, the guardian of morality. And you, just because you get some wretched monthly screw for your filthy work, you put on your uniform and swagger at your ease; showing off your power over those who tower above you, and who would not even let you pass the threshold of their houses. You have climbed to a sort of pinnacle, and you are happy—

MAGISTRATE. I shall have you turned out.

FEDIA. Oh, I am not afraid of anything. I am a dead man—you can do nothing to me. I can't be worse off than I am, whatever you do to me. You may order me out. I don't mind.

MAGISTRATE. Take him away. I shall make out an order for your arrest.

FEDIA (to Karenin and Lisa.) Forgive me.

KARENIN (stretching out his hand to him.) It was fated to happen so.

(Lisa passes; Fedia bows low to her.)

The case goes to trial. There is no question as to the facts—it is simply a matter of motives. It appears that there can be no verdict which will free the three of them, and so Fedia, in an intermission, obtains a revolver from a friend, and commits

suicide in a corridor of the court house—the man who had been dead is dead in truth, and the difficult knot is severed. It is not divulged whether or not this action has a retroactive effect, and nullifies the charge of bigamy against Lisa and Karenin, but that, at least, is the impression received from Fedia's dying words, "Oh, how happy I am now."

This play is typical of Tolstoy's philosophy of life—the presence of good in all being maintained throughout. Fedia's degradation itself becomes almost ennobled by its motive. He desired to remove himself absolutely from the lives of those whose happiness depended upon his sacrifice. His moral and spiritual destruction were the logical outgrowth of this all consuming passion. His one idea was that the man who was should pass away, and only an accident prevented him from relinquishing life itself at the time when he merely pretended to do so. Self-abnegation could go no further.

So with all the characters in the drama. Lisa opened her life to Karenin's love only when she became assured that through it alone could her existence continue in natural channels. Karenin did not permit himself to think of love until he had exhausted every resource to mend the broken union of Fedia and Lisa. Sasha's insight into the innate goodness of Fedia, Karenin's mother's stalwart orthodoxy melting before intense human affection, Masha's defiance of conventions to save Fedia from utter dissolution—all these and similar demonstrations of altruism stamp the play as an excellent specimen of Tolstoy's philosophy of redemption through a misery, a philosophy which suggests Browning operating in the underworld instead of soaring among the immortals.

Nor is the play utterly gloomy and morbid as this slight sketch might suggest. It is full of color and gypsy songs, often cheerful and occasionally touched with rays of humor. Its chief drawback as a successful theater piece is the construction, being composed of a great number of short scenes, few of which call for previous settings and almost all being essential to the development of the story.

This is one of the most interesting as well as the least didactic of the three Tolstoy plays published in English, but while its moral does not leap out and shout itself at the reader, it is plain that Tolstoy was desirous of drawing a picture of a great sacrifice, and at the same time of suggesting something of the inconsistencies of literal justice. He could no more write without a purpose than could Ibsen.

Another excellent illustration of his incessant desire to produce not merely entertainment, but valuable lessons in real life, is his two-scene sketch, "The Cause of It All." This is a little sermon in temperance, another favorite topic of the greatest of the Russians. Wherever one finds suffering, crime, degeneracy, or disease in Tolstoy's writings, it is almost certain that liquor will be discovered as "the cause of it all."

There is lacking in "The Cause of it All," however, that unmistakable definite purpose that is found in the most of Tolstoy's writings, or granting the purpose being a depiction of the evils of drink, the mechanism is faulty. The first scene shows a poor family awaiting the return of the man of the house, who has gone to sell a load of wood, and it is generally feared that he has spent the money on liquor. These suspicions soon are confirmed, but although the man is intoxicated he brings home a good part of the money obtained for the sale of the wood, and also certain household supplies that his wife wanted. He strikes his wife, but is prevented from beating her severely by a tramp who has been enjoying the hospitality of the home. At the close of the scene nearly everyone is intoxicated.

In the morning the tramp has disappeared, together with a package of tea and sugar. The husband follows, brings him back, but releases him scornfully when his wife asks him to show mercy, the husband apparently desiring to make it appear that when it comes to finer feelings he is not outdone. In his exaggeration of generosity he even offers to let the tramp keep his booty, but the latter flings it down and rushes away. The tramp is really the only interesting person in the piece, and the case against drink is established in his degeneracy. He tells many garbier tales in explaining his downfall, but it appears that he is simply a victim of alcohol. It is not a convincing piece from any viewpoint, and rather leaves the impression that it is a product of Tolstoy's first attempts at dramatization.

("The Man Who Was Dead" by Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PARIS PONDERING WOMEN PROBLEM PLAYS

TWO things are particularly noticeable in the new dramas which are now being given in Paris: the question of women is of supreme importance and we are at the beginning of what the dramatists are pleased to believe is a new era. This is made evident not alone by the material of the new plays, but even by their very names. "Les Flambeaux," for instance, immediately suggests to us the idea that these are beacons which will guide us toward a new state of things, and "Les Eclaircuses," which is the very latest of these semi-problem plays, has practically the same meaning. "Les Eclaircuses" has just been given with success at the Comedie Marigny. It is not exactly a problem play, because the author of it, Maurice Donnay, is too purely a playwright to produce a pure problem play, but it deals in a certain way with a problem, and this problem is that of women. The title is simply the French word for "scouts" or "pathfinders" put into the feminine gender, and it evidently indicates the women who, today, are breaking away from the old traditions which have been so strong in France: the tradition of woman's ignorance, the tradition that she has no right to wish to know things, the tradition that she is a slave to her husband (and this tradition is backed up by the present law which gives the husband complete control over his wife's property), and finally, the tradition that has made woman appear in every way inferior to man.

Like all really good plays, "Les Eclaircuses" has a very meager story and is, in reality, merely a long and intensely interesting character study. The first act introduces us into the home of Paul and Jeanne Dureille, young married people who have everything to make them happy except perhaps, that of sympathy. This lack of sympathy arises from the fact that Paul cannot take seriously his wife's desire and enthusiasm for woman's emancipation. When she talks to him about wanting her freedom he sees nothing in it but a passing fancy or an attack of "nerves." But, as a matter of fact, Jeanne is completely filled with these modern ideas. She cannot bear to feel that she is Paul's slave, that she belongs to him, that to obtain her freedom she must undertake a long and doubtful, and more or less disgraceful, legal process. And she is supported in these feelings by a whole band of modern feminists (or female modernists)—and a curiously mixed bunch they surely are, some of them being merely silly society women, others being of the scarecrow type of suffragette, and a few simply unhappily married and seeking escape by this means.

There is much detail, especially in the meetings of these women, which is full of humor and shows not only a keen observation and a great power of word-painting, but also what seems to point to actual experience with women of this court. But all of this defies description and must be left to the imagination of my readers. Finally, however, the drama which is being slowly developed between Paul and Jeanne reaches a crisis and they are divorced. And we then come to understand two things very clearly: first, that these women who suppose themselves to be serious are merely the usual set of afternoon tea sippers. They expel from their society the real "pathfinders" because they are not sufficiently "chic," and they show themselves in their true colors, truly feminine, with no real set desire to do serious things, at least not things any more serious than having handsomer dresses and more important social engagements than their neighbors;—and, second, that Jeanne, now separated from her husband, is no different from the others, and that the reason for her divorce was not modernism, not a desire for emancipation, but merely and solely because she had ceased to love her husband.

It is not long before we discover also that this is a Parisian play by a Parisian writer, for we learn that Jeanne is in love with Jacques Lehelloy, a friend of her husband whom we have seen in the first act, and we are led to understand that these two have been in love with each other all the time, that Jacques has gone away to the antipodes from which he has just returned simply to get away from temptation, and that Jeanne has obtained her divorce so as to leave her free to love whom she pleases. The end of it all is simply that Jeanne and Jacques decide to get married and that Jeanne, in so doing, abandons forever her false ideas of woman's liberty, of modernism, feminism, and all the rest of the foolishness she has talked and believed. In saying this I give the author's idea, not my own. For, personally, I have no faith whatever in the necessity, which French writers believe in, of every woman having either a husband or a lover. That is a French idea which seems to me a deliberate insult to womanhood, although I know that some of the best of our own writers believe the same foolishness, I fully agree with Shaw in what he says in the passage I have already quoted that "all women are in furious

secret rebellion against . . . the saddling of the right to a child with the obligation to become the servant of a man."

This differs materially from the proposition that French playwrights make us, which simply amounts to the saying that women are utterly miserable unless they are married, that if they are divorced from one man they will make the greatest of haste to get another, and that their mentality is naturally so low that no education will be useful to them. It is impossible to know whether or not these playwrights are seriously striving to tell us the truth, and it is equally impossible to know whether they have a sufficiently broad observation to paint a true picture of all classes. But sure it is that, if we may judge by the current output of French plays, the French woman of the present day really does not improve with education, that there are practically no women who will voluntarily live alone, and that they have not sufficient self-respect to do so even when not to do so means to form a disgraceful and illicit union.

Now, it is perfectly evident that in this point the French woman and the Anglo-Saxon woman are far apart, and that the Anglo-Saxon is years in advance of her French sister. The American and English woman may be lonely when she is forced to live alone, but she has far too much respect for herself to help herself out of her predicament by any disgraceful or dishonorable action. The natural questions are, first, I must repeat it: Is the picture we have of French women a true picture? and, second, is the difference between French woman and Anglo-Saxon woman a matter of temperament, education, race, custom, or all of these taken together? Would this play with its present ending be convincing to any audience except a French audience? I very much doubt it. It seems to me that the end, although very cleverly constructed and very theatrical, is very weak because it at once lowers our idea of this woman, Jeanne. It seems to me also that the picture of these women trying to advance themselves and then turning into nothing but fashionable faddists is also weak, though, no doubt, humorous. The trouble with it is that it is not intended to be a farce. If it were there would be nothing to say, for comic situations excuse any absurdity. It is evident all the way through that the author actually believes that the picture he presents is a true picture, that these women are really as vapid as he makes them seem, that Jeanne is animated by no genuine sentiment whatever except a lack of love for her husband and a feeling of attraction which she cannot resist for Jacques.

Jeanne has two children whom she has to give up when she remarries, and I question whether even a French woman would find her home so unbearable that she would thus desert her children. Is it not much more probable that she and her husband would simply go on quarrelling until they arrived at an age of greater discretion and settled down to peace as being more comfortable and better for their children? Neither of these is shown to be really at fault. It is a difference of opinion and nothing more, and Paul, who loves his wife, is perfectly willing to let her go to all of the feminist meetings she wants to so long as they do not interfere with the arrangements of the home. In other words, Paul is a husband as good as the average and as incapable of understanding his wife's fancies. But, surely, at least in any country but France, Jeanne would prefer her home and her children to divorce on so slender grounds and remarriage with loss of her own children.

Yet this play, though not, to my mind, logical, is none the less intensely interesting. For it puts a question before us that may be of weight even in our country. This question is: can a woman really not find happiness except in marriage? Is it impossible that a real emancipation should come about where both men and women would be "free," i. e., not tied up to each other by the hard and fast bonds of our present marriage customs? There is no doubt about the fact that toward some such new marriage customs we are drifting. But if women are so helpless and miserable when alone, then, of course, no such reform could ever succeed. Marriage is now truly said to be a union where there is much sacrifice on both sides. The humorists have been at it for years. They show us, in a humorous way, what is often a solemn truth: that both the man and the woman have to give up their hobbies. But it is more serious than that. It often happens that either the man or the woman has an almost irresistible desire to take up a propaganda, a religion, a philosophy, or something more material, diet, manner or dress, habits of life, and that these things are really necessary to the soul-development of each, if there is such a thing. And yet they either have to give it all up or drag their family with them into a life or a line of thought with which they have no sympathy. Then the weaker gives way to the stronger and, often enough, years of misery follow.

If the author of "Les Eclaircuses" had worked his play out on these lines he would have given us a really great play. For three acts you feel that it is going to be worked out in this way, then you sud-

denly find that Jeanne has nothing deeper in her head than love, than a desire to divorce her husband so as to marry the man of her choice. And of course the problem is killed right there, for we cannot but feel that there are thousands of women, and thousands of men, who are anxious to be free of one another for a much deeper reason. Scarcely a reader can fail to think of more than one case where the man has one set of tastes, innocent tastes, I mean, and the woman another set of tastes, and where both of them have to give up these tastes because they conflict, even when their health and happiness depend on their gratification.

This is the problem that this play suggests. This is the problem which is really at the root of all desire for emancipation. We are all of us, at heart, individualists. We believe, whether we tell ourselves so or not, that we have a right to live our own lives in our own way. We believe, in fact, that we could be more spiritual were we able to further by every means our own personal, individual development. And that is the great problem of the play. That the French dramatists have put it all on the woman simply arises from the fact that they falsely believe that man is free when, in truth, there is no real freedom, either in France or in any other civilized country, either for man or woman if married.

Paris, Feb. 15, 1913. FRANK PATTERSON.

FAIRY STORY STAGED AT LITTLE THEATER

PRODUCTION of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" by Mr. Winthrop Ames is altogether lovely. The fairy story has been exquisitely dramatized by Jessie Braham White and most sympathetically staged by George Foster Platt. It is worth while to pass an afternoon away from the world of reality and complications in the fairy world, where good is always triumphant and evil can never accomplish its purpose. The play opens in the throne room of the queen's palace. Snow White's eight little maids of honor are taking their lesson in dancing and deportment from Sir Dandiprat Bombas. Dainty little creatures they are who as soon as they are released fall to wondering about Snow White, their princess, whom the wicked stepmother has condemned to stay in the kitchen. Their games lose all their zest without Snow White. They call. Perhaps she will come to play with them. And at last she does with bare feet and black kitchen dress. Then they hear that Prince Florimond is coming and that the queen will receive him at once in the throne room. Poor little Snow White does want to see him but she has no clothes. Her little playmates come to her rescue and offer one one garment another another until she is beautifully clothed, all but her feet. But that is all right for no gentleman looks at a lady's feet except to admire them. And then Prince Florimond comes and they dance and he falls in love with Snow White. The queen is heralded. The little maids scatter.

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The queen appears, a regal creature. She sweeps her royal robe about her and mounts the throne. The lords and ladies in waiting take their places and Prince Florimond pay his respects. He has brought a letter from his royal father asking for his son the hand of Snow White in marriage. The queen is very sorry, but Snow White is quite impossible, she will not suit him at all. The prince does not much care for he tells her he has already lost his heart to the most beautiful woman in the world. The queen is interested. "How many is that this week, Sir Dandiprat?"

"Counting the lunatics it is seventeen, your majesty." Of course she calls the prince a foolish boy, but this temerarious prince announces that it is of a little honor maid he speaks. The maids are commanded to the royal presence. The queen's rage knows no bounds when she learns that in spite of her the little princess has a royal lover. She falls to the floor in a faint but as soon as she is left alone she recovers and weaves a spell to summon Witch Hex. Round and round she goes making the magic circle. Smoke comes through the floor and Witch Hex rises before her. The witch suggests that Snow White be sent off to school to make her ready for her prince. That will settle the prince and it will be easy to kill her so that she never reaches the school. That seems good to the queen. She summons the court. She graciously consents to the union of Snow White and the prince, but for a year and a day there must be no communication. Then the prince may return and claim his bride. Snow White says good bye and is taken away by Berthold, the huntsman, who understands that he must kill her and bring back her heart so that Witch Hex can make hair restorer that will cover her bald head or his little children will be shut up in the tower to starve.

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Snow White is very happy until they come to the depths of the forest and Berthold tells her what

he must do. She begs him for the sake of his children to do the deed quickly, but the good man cannot do it and they decide that he will take back the heart to a pig to the cruel queen. Snow White is very much frightened when she finds herself alone in the forest but a little bird sings to her and guides her footsteps to the little house of the dwarfs. The beds have not been made for fifty years or more and the supper is cooling on the table. Snow White eats the least bit from each plate and then finding a bed comfortable sinks to sleep. Soon a trap door in the center of the room opens and the little men come home. They are funny little likable creatures, the youngest, ninety-nine years old, has not been washed for fifty years. It is his business to wash the others. They stand in a row. He fetches a sponge and runs is quickly down the side of each face. The line turns and he runs it down the other side. "Thank goodness that is over," they say, and start to eat supper. But somebody has been there. Perhaps it is a robber. They look all around and at last they find Snow White, the most beautiful thing they have ever seen, asleep. They know she is a girl but they are sure she will act like a butterfly and fly away when she awakes. Then they bring gifts, not common things like gold and diamonds, but jack knives, frogs, and such treasures. Snow White awakes. She begs to stay and the dwarfs learn from her that when they are very happy they can express their emotions, by saying hip hip hurrah. And, indeed, as they say it it is all sufficient. The little maid is so sleepy that she drops at once to sleep. But something very important remains to be done. Queen must be washed, and so Queen is put into the water barrel and as he has no bed he is left to soak all night.

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The queen that night visits the witch. The witch has the caldron all ready and is herself seated upon the fire as she is feeling a little chilly, but she rouses herself when the queen comes in for it is not good to sit too long upon a flaming fire. The queen brings the heart. It is added to the caldron. The witch sticks her head in and a remarkable result happens. Her head is at once covered with little curly pigtales. The queen thinks it is awfully funny until the witch points out that the heart was the heart of a pig and that Snow White still lives. The queen looks in the magic mirror and asks as she has often asked before who is the most beautiful woman in the land. The mirror sings a lovely song and says it is Snow White. The queen in a rage asks the witch what she can do. The witch gives her a charm that will disguise her into a gypsy woman, and a poisoned comb that will kill Snow White if she can be made to put it in her hair and keep it there while the queen counts one hundred. The queen at once goes to the house of the seven dwarfs. Snow White has just said good bye to them and has promised to make them a cake for dinner if they will come back for a game later. The gypsy begs her to buy her wares but Snow White has no money. At last the gypsy persuades her to put the comb in her hair just to see how it looks. At once the little one falls down as though she were dead. The witch begins to count but before she can count one hundred the dwarfs come back. And when the comb is taken out of her hair Snow White awakes. The dwarfs warn her to let no one in. She obeys, but a baker's boy bringing pies for sale leaves an apple on the window sill. She takes one bite and falls dead.

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And now the year and a day are over and Prince Florimond comes back to claim his bride. The queen tells him that Snow White is dead. Berthold rushes in and tells how the wicked queen plotted and how he has seen Snow White lying in her little crystal coffin in the house of the dwarfs. He is about to kill the queen, when the dwarfs come bearing the coffin. The queen stops to question the mirror, this time sure of the answer she wants, but there is the same answer, and confusion follows. The coffin is dropped and Snow White awakes. The apple has been dislodged from her throat. But the queen has broken the mirror and the curse has come upon her. She is ugly, hideously ugly, and is allowed to go in peace. The prince leads Snow White to the throne, and crowns her and she appoints the seven dwarfs her body guard under Berthold. And they take their place with a hip hip hurrah. Marguerite Clark plays Snow White charmingly. The entire cast is eminently satisfactory.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, March 3, 1913.

Surgeon General Blue of the government health service will have a minute analysis made of Dr. Friedmann's turtle serum culture. If the cure is genuine it is fitting that the United States government should be satisfied of that fact before any legislation is enacted in behalf of suffering humanity.

By the Way



Fascination of History by Example

I have always held that autobiography is much more fascinating than any other form of literature. Invariably, the human document has greater appeal than the work of fiction, which is why the impressions of travelers in foreign parts have more of interest than the artificially-created atmosphere. The intimate doings of great men as revealed in their self-written chronicles of accomplishment shed illuminating sidelights on their actions, we get a peep into their real motives, the sources of their inspiration, the beginnings of great deeds. Biography ranks next in order of interest. Moses gave us a history of the patriarchs; Plutarch wrote the Lives of Illustrious Men; Suetonius, Lives of the Twelve Caesars; Diogenes Laertius, Lives of the Philosophers; Boswell gave us Samuel Johnson; Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott; Trevelyan, the Life of Macaulay—these are among the remarkable instances of history teaching by example. I am reminded of these famous biographies by reading of one of Southern California's notable men who, within the week, has made it easier for his Boswell to trace his early career when the succeeding years have made an insistent demand for his authentic history. Possibly, it is with a prophetic eye to the future that Meyer Lissner in his personal weekly organ treats of his humble beginnings, the struggles of his parents after leaving the old country, their experiences in Oakland, the ambition of his father to have his boys rise in the world and how Meyer fulfilled all promise.

Meyer Lissner's Surprise

Little did that father realize that one day his son would be responsible for the carrying of California by eleven-thirteenths of the Roosevelt electors as high as 174 majority in several instances in a total vote of nearly 674,000. The grandson of a rabbi on one side, of a peddler on the other; the son of a pawnbroker, which discovery, the young Meyer naively states was much to his surprise—he consoled himself after a time by reflecting that was the way in which the Rothschilds started on the road to colossal riches. At the age of fifteen his father died and the halftone illustration accompanying the Lissner autobiography shows him at that time a shrewd-looking little chap with carefully brushed hair "roached" back from his forehead, speculative eyes, a half-opened mouth, narrowing chin and avid ears. Says Meyer, reflectively, and without false pride:

On the bleakest day that I can remember we laid my good father away while his three boys, fifteen, thirteen and eleven, stood at the head of the grave in a pouring rain and repeated in unison in Hebrew the ancient prayer for the dead. Next morning I went down to open the store. The top of the skylight was off and a rope hung down through the opening through which the rain had flooded the interior. A hasty examination disclosed the fact that the store had been robbed. That was the introduction to my business career. We made the best of it and I managed to continue to make "a living" for the family.

Whether the pawnbroking business was profitable or otherwise is not stated; perhaps not since in two years he graduated into the "jewelry" line, a grade higher. He does not leave it, however, without telling this little joke: A horse ran away and was "shooed" right under the three-ball sign into the little shop whence a neighboring saddler backed him out with no bad effects to record. A newspaper report next day stated that when the horse reached the counter the proprietor (Meyer) threw up his hands in holy horror and exclaimed, "Suffering Rebecca! we don't take in live stock."

Oakland's Loss, Our Gain

From Oakland, after a few years of unusual success the young Hebrew came to Los Angeles where he invested in "flat" property, studied law with Judge Camp, but finding real estate speculation more profitable than the practice of his belated profession concluded to follow his natural bent—that of money making. Incidentally, he decided to save his country on the side by engaging in politics and at that point his loquacity begins to fail, or perhaps it is Meyer's natural modesty that causes him to cry a halt just as he begins to be thoroughly interesting. I shall

hope to see additional chapters in this bit of autobiographical writing. The secret memoirs of Meyer Lissner's political coups ought to afford material for many vivid chapters, especially those dealing with his newspaper associates in the uplift business. May he be moved to further recital.

Liked the Fizz Water Too Well

If "Bob" Marsh was compelled to serve Shasta water at dinner lately, it was because his butler had been depleting his wine cellar in a reckless manner. Five quarts of Clicquot together with a quantity of jewelry and silverware were found attached to Henry Hoffsteller, formerly the trusty cellarman of the Marsh household, when he was arrested by the police at Fifth and Towne avenue one day this week. Hoffsteller admitted having abstracted the wine, gems and plate from the Marsh home and it looks as if this confession effectually disposes of the story of a thrilling midnight battle with a burglar at Westchester place which the prisoner told the police occurred February 7, when Robert was in Panama with his family.

Getting Back at the Bench

Several well known lawyers are still chuckling over the parthian shots they were permitted to take at Judge Munroe of department six of the superior court last Friday night when he acted as toast-master at the fellowship banquet at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. It was one of the rare chances to catch the jurist in a vulnerable position, and they took full advantage of their opportunity. Needless to say the judge rapped back with his usual incisiveness, but the younger lawyers had him at a disadvantage because the dignity of the bench had to be preserved.

Host to the Divine Sarah

If there had been a flashlight photographer on tap at Venice Tuesday night he might have secured a picture that would have proved of great interest to the followers of the stage and local bon vivants, for according to a story going the rounds in theatrical circles Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who is playing at the Orpheum this week with all of her dignity of three score and ten years enjoyed a tete-a-tete dinner with Ward McFadden, proprietor of the Ship Cafe, at one of the little "deuce" tables in his restaurant. The story runs to the effect that the divine Sarah went to Venice Monday to visit Marjorie Moreland, and while there was entertained by Miss Moreland at dinner at the Ship. They tell me the visiting actress was pleased as a child at the resort and accepted an invitation for Tuesday evening, when Ward McFadden asked her to be his guest, thinking that Miss Moreland was to be present. But that young woman found strings pulling her contrariwise and had to excuse herself, so the irrepressible Frenchwoman of seventy summers, nothing daunted, sallied forth to the beach to enjoy an exclusive little dinner, at which Ward McFadden played host to his distinguished guest.

No Woman Councillor, Alas

Members of the city council seem about to give a quietus to the rumor that a woman was to be appointed to fill the vacancy left by the death of Councilman R. M. Lusk, and to choose an eternal masculine instead. Michael Collins, who was formerly a member of the city father's exclusive little club is spoken of as the favorite candidate. Betkouski and Topham decidedly incline to Collins and it is believed Jerry Andrews would vote with them, but Councilmen Langdon, Whiffen and Williams are in favor of appointing a man from Boyle Heights, which was the district in which the late legislator lived. The negroes of the city have been trying to get one of their number appointed to the vacancy. Councilman Reed is averse to taking any action, for the reason that the council having been confined to eight members in the last six monthss can as well continue that way.

Looking for a Mayoralty Moses

Wanted: A political Moses to lead his followers into the promised land at the City Hall. Apply to Socialists, "Progoos" or Old Guard headquarters. I suggest this as a classified advertisement to appear in the several local dailies, for each one of these parties is combing the city for a suitable candidate to back for the mayoralty campaign, and all three seem to have difficulty in finding the right leader. The Socialists appear to be better equipped than the others for I am told they have almost definitely decided on Frank Wolfe, a well known local newspaper man, now connected with the Municipal News. He was for several years managing editor of the Morning Herald, and through the MacNamara trial acted as press agent for the dynamiters, a fact that is likely to prejudice his case with many. Outside of that he is a promising candidate. The liquor interests, strange to say, are all solidly back-

ing Chief of Police Sebastian for the office of mayor. Men who have approached leaders in the saloon business with regard to their support for others report that they all say "Charley is the man for us. He has treated us fairly as chief, and we would like to see him mayor." Rumors of other candidates are coming fast and thick. F. W. Braun, the astute chemical man, refused to be cajoled, and they tell me that Charlie Andrews of the Realty Board also rejected temptation. John S. Mitchell has been approached and I understand that Charley Elder, president of the Los Angeles Investment company likewise has been sounded with no results. My young friend Ham Cotton, who so ably conducted the Wilson campaign in this county last fall is also considered as a possibility. The field widens.

Back From His Travels

Former Judge Pierce, who for many years was a familiar figure in local court circles has been receiving a warm welcome this week from members of the Jefferson Club after his return from a six months' trip around the world. Several affairs have been given in his honor including a banquet at San Pedro Thursday night at which Editor John Wray was host, who together with other old guard Democrats gave a warm welcome to his returning comrade. When on his travels the judge sent his club friends numerous picture postal cards showing the beauties—and here I speak of the animate type—of every country through which he passed. These are now decorating the club-rooms in the Germain Building.

Three of a Kind

There was an amusing scene enacted on the handball courts of the Los Angeles Athletic Club one day this week when Frank Garbutt, Charlie Eyton, boxing referee and theater manager, and Dr. B. F. Roller, the wrestler, engaged in a contest the result of which will never be announced. It happened in this wise: S. Gardiner Bradford, publicity director of the club, was talking with Frank Garbutt in the entrance regarding handball when Charlie Eyton came along and remarked that he always was keen for handball and would take Garbutt on at any time for a match. Roller entered in time to catch the conversation and pithily observed that he was somewhat of a bear himself at the game, and would like to take the pair on for a contest immediately. The trio adjourned to don athletic togs, and the game began. Neither Eyton nor Garbutt had been on a court for several months and their movements were none too lively, while Roller, playing in his bare feet, helped to make a bizarre trio. I scorn to give away club secrets, but the way those three men tried to impose on one another in the count was certainly scandalous.

Concealed Story in Spalding's Dismissal

Political quidnuncs are inclined to believe there is a concealed story in the dismissal of W. D. Spalding as secretary of the civil service commission and the appointment of F. M. Dee as temporary secretary, but none of the keen-eyed critics at the city hall seems able to discover where the colored gentleman is hidden. The commission assigned several reasons for its action, one that he was too young for the position, another that he was practicing law on the city's time, which was disproved, a third, that he was too temperamental for the office. He was dismissed a day or two after he refused to resign with no cause assigned him by the members. Dee has been employed as examiner for the board and will fill both positions until a civil service examination for the place is held in the near future.

Meeting of Old Cronies

Joe Miron, who has been imported by Oliver Morosco for a principal part in the "Tik-Tok Man," was escorted to the Los Angeles Athletic Club one day this week by David Hartford, given a visitor's card and then taken upstairs, where George Towle is in charge as amusement director. "I want you to meet my friend Mr. Towle," said Hartford to Miron as Towle advanced to greet them. Miron who has a deep bass voice with a carrying capacity of unusual strength bellowed out, "Where in thunder did he come from?" and it developed that Miron and Towle had been in the same company many years before, when Towle used to swing the baton and Miron sung and danced.

Nerves and Prohibitions Treated

Abbot Kinney, who is popularly known as "The Doge of Venice," meaning our own Venice and not that of sunny Italy, has found time to indulge his literary bent by issuing a brochure entitled "What a Man Does for His Nerves and Prohibitions." The venerable Abbot employs the major part of his space in tracing anatomically, psychologically, and historically the use of stimulants by man, and later shows

what effect prohibition has had in anthropological development. He closes with well thought out views for the regulation of the liquor traffic. Among the remedies he suggests are high license for wholesalers, manufacturers, and saloon keepers with official supervision as to quality, sale to adults only, and fines for the tavern keeper when scandals or crimes grow out of liquor sold in his place. The booklet is a good brief for temperance as opposed to prohibition. The Grafton Press has given it neat presentation.

Why Edward Sparkles

Ed Lovie, who issues dog-and-cat licenses at the city hall, and, incidentally, is one of the leading spirits in the city clerk's office, is wearing a handsome \$500 diamond ring this week, presented to him Wednesday night by fellow members of the Elks lodge from which he was retiring as exalted ruler. At the same meeting he was elected representative for "Ninety Nine" to the session of the grand lodge. Lovie has been a popular official, having given much time to the order despite pressing demands from other directions. In addition to his city hall duties he has been studying law, for it is no secret that he hopes to join the ranks of Los Angeles barristers in the near future.

To Debate "Blue Sky" Law

I see that Charley Elder, the head of the Los Angeles Investment Company, is to have opportunity to consider the proposed Blue Sky legislation before the members of the City Club at their weekly meeting at the Angelus hotel Saturday noon. That he will bring a number of concise arguments in protest of the measure, as opposed to the contentions of Assemblyman Bloodgood, its champion, is not to be doubted, for there is room for strong disagreement to the projected statute. That a big gallery will be present is assured, since it is a matter of great interest to the business men of Southern California.

Famous Medico Arrives

Dr. John B. Murphy, one of the leaders of the A. M. A. and perhaps the most noted of Chicago physicians is paying his annual visit to California, this time staying in Pasadena at the Raymond instead of making his customary headquarters at the Alexandria. His previous trip here was to attend the convention of the A. M. A. in which he took a leading part. I understand that the Mayo brothers, the famous Minnesota surgeons are planning to be with us.

Leaves Fredericks for Private Practice

Another bright young member of District Attorney Frederick's staff has resigned from the office of the county prosecutor because of the ruling that a deputy district attorney in a city as large as Los Angeles may have no private practice. This time it is Byron C. Hanna, who has been acting as chief deputy for several weeks and who handed his resignation to the captain this week to take effect April 1. He was a candidate for the office of superior court judge last fall, but was eliminated at the primaries. Prior to that he was legal adviser to the board of supervisors. A few months ago G. Ray Horton, who aspired to a superior judgeship, resigned from the district attorney's office for a similar reason.

Filling Eddy's Office Shoes

Ray C. Nimmo, the new city prosecutor who has succeeded Guy Eddy, evidently is to be accorded hearty support and cooperation by the present administration in carrying out his policies, for members of the city council unanimously indorsed his appointment to the office this week by Mayor Alexander. Nimmo has been holding the office ever since Eddy was suspended but he is now officially the city's guardian. He says he will carry out the policies of the office, but I doubt if he means to be so foolishly drastic as was his predecessor.

Tribute to Local Artist

Los Angeles artists have been honored by having Mrs. William E. Tribit, wife of a well known member of the Times staff, now assigned to the courthouse detail, chosen as one of the Sunday cartoonists for the Philadelphia North American. Mrs. Tribit, who is better known in artistic circles as Inez Townsend, her maiden name, was one of those selected in competition for a new form of comics the North American is featuring in its Sunday layout. She has also been making a decided hit with her poster work in New York. She is a member of the Wednesday Morning Club.

Fred Wann Is Optimistic

This is going to be a banner year for tourist travel according to General Traffic Manager Wann of the Salt Lake who declared this week that business will

show an increase of from 10 to 30 per cent over last year. According to the Salt Lake official business is on the increase all over California and in Nevada as well, and the desert towns are getting their share of business.

Would Change Elections

It looks as if the amendment to change the local elections to May and June instead of September and November as at present would pass by an overwhelming majority. The Good Government forces along with the Socialists suggested the plan and of course they will support it when it comes to a vote, while the Old Guard, using the term advisedly, for one cannot draw party lines with the same sharp delineations as formerly, will certainly have no objections to see the present administration retired at the earliest opportunity.

Have You Filed Yet?

There are said to be about fifty local newspapermen scrambling for the position of publicity manager of the Vernon team, which is being dangled in the air by Eddie Maier, president of the club. It pays a salary slightly better than the average newspaper man's stipend and gives easier hours and less arduous work. Among those mentioned as possibilities are H. F. Weller, Stewart Ives de Kraft, W. W. Wally, Archie Reeve, Matt Gallagher and Eddie Frayne. It will be an attractive position for a single man, as much of the time will be passed traveling with the team on the road. Which reminds me that H. F. Weller, baseball editor of the Examiner, is soon to take a brief vacation that will also be his honeymoon. The wedding, I understand, had its incipency at Occidental college.

The Dawn of Peace

New poem by Alfred Noyes, the English poet, who arrived in New York last week.

"Recent utterances of the President of the United States are a distinct advance for the cause of international arbitration."

Yes—"on our brows we feel the breath
Of dawn," though in the night we wait:
An arrow is in the heart of Death,
A God is at the doors of Fate!
The Spirit that moved upon the Deep
Is moving through the minds of men:
The nations feel it in their sleep
A change has touched their dreams again.

Voices, confused and faint, arise,
Troubling their hearts from East and West,
A doubtful light is in their skies,
A gleam that will not let them rest:
The dawn, the dawn is on the wing,
The stir of change on every side,
Unsignaled as the approach of Spring,
Invincible as the hawthorn-tide.

Have yet not heard it, far and nigh,
The voice of France across the dark,
And all the Atlantic with one cry
Beating the shores of Europe?—hark!
Then—if ye will—uplift your word
Of cynic wisdom! Once again
Tell us He came to bring a sword
Tell us He lived and died in vain.

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
Truths that out-face the burning sun:
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers
Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
Outside the world's great Commonweal.

Tell us that custom, sloth, and fear
Are strong, then name them "common-sense!"
Tell us that greed rules everywhere,
Then dub the lie "experience":
Year after year, age after age,
Has handed down, thro' fool and child,
For earth's divinest heritage
The dreams whereon old wisdom smiled.

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power:
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray:
Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

The hour of Peace is come! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry,—
"Though all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher!
Make straight the highway for our God."
—ALFRED NOYES in New York Times.



By W. Francis Gates

Not since the performance of grand opera in old Hazard pavilion, seven years ago, has there been so large and so imposing an audience gathered in Los Angeles as at the opening performance of the Chicago Grand Opera Company Tuesday night. This observation has little to do with the musical worth of the performance and still the two are co-related. Only one other organization could draw such a house and that is the Metropolitan Company. As one observer said, "We all came tonight to show our clothes; the other nights of the season, part of us will come to hear the music." But we will suppose, for the musical credit of the city, that this was simply a flash of wit and not literal truth. Yet, what of our own struggling orchestras? The first feature of the Dippie opera which commends itself strongly is the orchestra. Its attack is absolute, its shadings delicious, its conductor is a masterhand. Yet, in the opening opera, "Thais," the orchestra was not the feature that it is in the Wagner works. Massenet took a medium ground, between the old examples of "vox et prateria nihil" and the modern one of "orchestra and so much the worse for the voice." In fact, I sat there, listening to the great limpid tones of Dufranne, as Athanael, and after a time realized I had not been hearing the orchestra at all, it was so unobtrusive, so secondary to the vocal part. Yet there is sufficient individuality and color in the score at times. But the point is, Massenet did not overload the voice with a superabundance of instrumental comment. With the composer's gift of sensuous melody, perhaps, this is one of the reasons for his popularity. He was essentially a Frenchman and wrote with the desire of pleasing his public, not particularly of educating it.

While Mary Garden was featured in the title role of "Thais" the vocal star easily was Dufranne. His powerful, yet liquid tones rolled out unhampered by the orchestral body, a joy from first to last, from high to low. And, with this, he is a consummate actor, never stepping out of his assumption for an instant. Miss Garden—well, she is Mary Garden. Los Angeles had been waiting her advent in opera for 10, these years. She was just the personality for Thais. Rather more slender than on her last appearance here, she enacted the seductive great-great (many times extended) grandmother of Carmen, with a willow-like sinuosity, in which her arms sang more effectively than her throat. A more satisfactory embodiment of this role would be hard to find.

Messrs. Dalmores and Huberdeau were little behind the two chief singers of the cast, either in vocal or histrionic worth. In larger parts they will, doubtless, show to still better advantage. The mounting and dressing of the opera almost calls out the over-worked press agent's term of "sumptuous investiture"—why will they work those phrases until the rest of us must discard them? The chorus numbers about sixty, and the Auditorium, for the first time, saw what grand opera means, given in a grand way.

If I am not forgetful, the last grand specimen of the grand was in April, 1905, when the Conried Company gave "Parsifal" and "Lucia" at Hazard pavilion, on the ground now occupied by the Auditorium. Just a year later, the some company suffered a rout such as never had been experienced in the op-

eratic world, in the San Francisco earthquake. In the 1905 performances, the scenery was shabby and the mountings not notably grand, though the singers were great artists. But in the presentations of the Chicago company this week, it would be only the most captious who would discount the orchestra, the soloists, or the manner of mounting the operas.

Wednesday afternoon saw the first presentation of "Hensel and Gretel" in Los Angeles. The text of this opera tells the story of the German "Babes in the Woods." In its music, Humperdinck shows himself to be decidedly of the Wagnerian school, but more mellifluous than his prototype. The orchestration is wonderfully beautiful. The songs given the children in the main are suitable to their childish estate, not extremely elaborate. If the composer set the wanderings and dreams of two children to such music as this, what would he have done with the monstrous legends of the gods of Walhalla, such as Wagner allotted himself? In other words, while the tale is pretty, the music is far beyond it—and yet, if one has to have this sort of a story to get such beautiful music,—well, the more fairy stories the better. Marie Cavan and Mabel Riegelman sang the title roles more than acceptably. Miss Riegelman, especially, as Gretel, entered into the elfish spirit of the part and made the child of German legend a character to remember. The opera was given in English—a real English—one that was recognizable as such.

Tetrazzini as "Gilda." That was the story of Wednesday night's opera. The audience at the opening bill tested the capacity of the house; that of Wednesday afternoon showed a decided shrinkage; but at the "Rigoletto" performance, in the evening, it returned, in a good measure, to its original proportions, auguring well for the remainder of the week, so well that at this writing an additional performance for next Tuesday night is under consideration. Will it be Mary Garden as Carmen or as Thais? To paraphrase,—look at the ad. and see. But Tetrazzini. Any one who has heard her in concert—and if I remember aright, this is her first appearance here in opera—can get a hint of how she would sing the florid measures of Verdi's heroine. But she even exceeds expectations. Of course, it is hard to fit this adipose lady to preconceptions of that tender and shrinking violet of opera; but, forgetting physical discrepancies, the singing of Tetrazzini was a joy to the lover of florid tunes. Her support, including Sammaco and Giorgini, as jester and duke, made a brilliant ensemble and one which was rapturously applauded.

At the Gamut Club dinner Wednesday, the principal guests were Mary Garden, Hortense Paulsen, and Homer Norris; the latter is a prominent composer and theoretician and the organist of the largest church in New York, playing one of the largest church organs in the country. Miss Paulsen will sing at a coming symphony concert. Miss Garden was seated in the Gamut Club "chair of fame" by Orator Porter, with all ceremony; the attendant remarks and the customary Garden salute to Gamut orators by the prima donna made an affair long to remember. More than 150 members of the club were present.

Harley Hamilton supplied a sensation in the local musical world last

Three More Gala Events.

Chicago Grand Opera Co. Shrine Auditorium

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9, 2:30 O'CLOCK

Campanini Grand Concert

Soloists: Mmes. De Cisneros, Heyl, Osborn-Hannah and Riegelman; Mons. Gaudenzi, Polese, Schoenert, Scott and Whitehill.
General Musical Director, CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI.
Musical Directors: Marcel Chailier and Ettore Perosio.

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MONDAY NIGHT, MARCH 10,

Tristan and Isolde

Dalmores, De Cisneros, Minnie Saltzman, Stevens, Whitehill.

TUESDAY NIGHT, MARCH 11,

Carmen

Mary Garden, Dalmores, Dufranne, Dufan, Cavan.

Cleofonte Campanini, General Musical Director.

SINGLE SEAT PRICES

Lower Floor, \$7.00; Back of Loges, \$6.00; Balcony, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00; Second Balcony, \$3.00; Gallery, \$2.00.

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PROGRAM

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, MONDAY NIGHTS AND WEDNESDAY MATINEE

"LA DANSE"

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, AND SATURDAY MATINEE

"La Camargo"

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50. Boxes and Loges—\$3.00.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 14, 3 O'CLOCK,

L. A. Symphony

HARLEY HAMILTON, CONDUCTOR.

Soloist, HORTENSE PAULSEN, Soprano.

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Seats on sale at Auditorium and Bartlett's.

week by resigning his position as director of the Symphony Orchestra. It seems this resignation has been brewing since last summer, but no hint of it was allowed to go outside of symphony precincts. It is stated that with Mr. Hamilton's leaving the field, there will be a reconstruction of the board of management of the orchestra. Heretofore, the feminine element has been strongly in the ascendancy—as was proper, since the women of the board made up much of what would have been a deficit, but for their liberal subscriptions. Outside of the musical abilities of Mr. Hamilton and the managerial energy of L. E. Behymer, the fact that Los Angeles has had a symphony orchestra for sixteen years has been due to about a dozen music-loving and wealthy women who gave the enterprise their time and money.

Mr. Hamilton formed the orchestra sixteen years ago, when he was the

musical director of the old Los Angeles theater. The first season, ten concerts were given in the afternoons, at 25 cents admission, in old Turner hall. At the close of the season, after paying expenses, the net proceeds were divided among the players—\$1.35 each. The second season the dividend was greatly increased; it was \$3.65 a man. The next three years the deficit was paid by a local society woman, about \$1500 a year. Then came the organization of the Symphony Society, which has financed the concerts for the last eleven years. Those early years were seasons of storm and stress for Director Hamilton and Manager Behymer. Both men at one time mortgaged their homes to pay symphony debts. For years, neither one received any reasonable compensation for his time and talents. But they put Los Angeles "on the musical map," so to speak, put it in that small and select circle of cities

(Continued on Page 9)



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

This week marked the closing of four noteworthy exhibitions of paintings and the reviewer is once more facing the problem of what to write about. Since the beginning of the Lenten season it has been almost impossible for the art lover to find time to attend the many exhibits that have almost overwhelmed the busy art writers. How unsatisfactory must be the average newspaper review to the layman who reads intelligently and depends more or less upon the critic for helpful suggestion and comprehensive analysis. As a matter of fact it requires equally as much space to do justice to a poor canvas as to a good one, and I regret to say that seldom, if ever, may the reviewer have time or space to do full credit to any work of art. Maxwell Fairfield, the celebrated English critic, once declared that he could fill an entire newspaper every day with his critiques and even then he would be slighting many worthy offerings. As a matter of course we do not have the quality or quantity of painters that London possesses, yet at the same time I frequently find canvases in local exhibitions that are so nearly great that I am tempted to devote my entire space to the one work and overlook the remaining ninety-and-nine about me. This, I think, should be done occasionally, for I am confident that such a review would do the artist and his work far more good than would a mere meaningless smatter of short, disjointed paragraphs relative to each individual canvas. If an exhibition brings out one really good work of art the showing has not been in vain.

I suppose this brings us once more to the direful question of what constitutes a good picture. Perhaps readers of this department will answer this age-old question once for themselves and give the over-weary writers a much needed rest? Do I hear you say technique? Of course I do. That is always the byword of the very young student, the middle-aged layman, and the very old artist. The average public looks upon technique as a token of all that is laborious and next to the impossible. It wrongly reasons that technique means perfection. Does it? The student fears that too much technical equipment will mar his originality. Shall we look behind the dictionary definition for a fuller meaning of the word? Technique is the method of performance in any act. It is the means by which the artist's message is interpreted to his audience. Hence, the term loses some of its formidable qualities and becomes more pliable than we are wont to think of it. I know many painters, several writers and not a few actors who employ any amount of definite technique and who have not yet produced a work of art. On the other hand, I have known many of like profession who continually succeed in their purposes, yet are far from law or rule. Have they no technique? Of course, they have. The confusion of the term is this: We use "technique" when we really mean "training," and training implies years of academic instruction. To attain technique is merely to facilitate interpretation.

Academic training may develop interpretation and it may kill it. We can have no objection to the use of tools to perfect the work of the hands if these tools do not leave their earmarks upon the work. Instead of re-

stricting talent, training of the right sort should intensify the fruits of fancy. If academic training hinders our individual expression, let us have none of it. No amount of instruction will remedy the defect where there is a lack of constructive genius, yet a clearer knowledge of the elements of art can do no one real harm. This abuse applies equally to the art writer. The modern profession of criticism or journalistic review tends toward fiction, not fact. The overwise critic grabs madly at a trivial item of notoriety and completely ignores the substantial elements of fancy and heart element that combine to "put over" a painting. The public regards the critic as a sort of high-minded advertising agent and the artist has, I fear, come to look upon him in much the same way. Suppose, by way of real novelty, we place the art reviewer in the role of advertising man—a mere confidential press agent. How much is the space needed each week for art review worth to you, Mr. Editor, from a strictly commercial basis? "One hundred dollars," is the prompt answer. Think of that. In the scorching light of this awful fact, you see how necessary it becomes for the critic to remain a critic and not a mere confidence man. The average art writer has not yet caught up with the era of evolution. He renders genius impossible and runs everything into publicity as a means to an end.

J. H. Sharp, the well known Indian painter, is showing a number of his late canvases in a Pasadena gallery.

Directors of the Fine Arts League have issued invitations for a series of private views of the monumental group of statuary which is being created by Mrs. Julia Bracken Wendt for the new art museum at Exposition Park. Mrs. Wendt will be at home to members and friends of the Fine Art League the first three Sunday afternoons and the second and third Saturday afternoons in March, at 2814 North Sichel Street.

Lillian Drain is busily engaged upon two head studies of young men which she will exhibit in the thirteenth Annual Exhibition of Southwestern Painters to be held in Blanchard Gallery the last two weeks in March.

Xarifa H. Towner is holding an exhibition of her pastel landscapes in the gold room at the Hotel Raymond. Miss Towner is also showing three studies at the Catherine Toullair Wolfe Art Club, in New York.

W. H. Heath, a realistic painter from Santa Cruz, is showing a dozen colorful landscapes at the Royar gallery.

Mrs. Warren E. Rollins of San Gabriel will leave Los Angeles, March 10, for an extended sojourn in the desert and Indian regions of Arizona and New Mexico. Mrs. Rollins states that she will visit many places not on the map and that for the next few months her whereabouts will be shrouded in primitive mystery.

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

(Continued From Page Eight)

having symphony orchestras—and but few of them are older than our own orchestra.

Mr. Hamilton did what no other man could have done for Los Angeles music. He held together a body of half-a-hundred players very largely on his own musical enthusiasm and by the regard which the musicians have for him as a man. He knows the ups and downs of the orchestra player's life and he met his men on the level, with sympathy and kindness. He did not try to instill his ideas into their playing by swearing at them, as is the custom with many more noted directors. The men were playing, part of the time, for practically nothing, most of the time for less than professional rates. They knew that he was making his sacrifices along with theirs and that he was risking more than they in the venture. As one of the prominent players recently told me, "We never would have held together had it not been for our love for Harley Hamilton." And I do not doubt that Harley Hamilton values a tribute like this more than he does the \$4,000 his friends gave him the other day, with instructions to take a European trip with it.

Mr. Hamilton has not escaped criticism. He would admit quicker than anyone else that at times it was just. But most of it came from late arrivals in Los Angeles who did not know or care about the sacrifices or the labor that made our orchestra what it is. It was easy for the "tenderfoot" to say, "Your orchestra doesn't play so well as the Boston orchestra;" but it was noticeable he did not offer to subsidize the orchestra, possibly, did not even buy a season ticket. Mr. Hamilton is by nature calm and judicial rather than temperamental. The result was that he held his band together but did not, perhaps, produce as "soulful" results as a fiery Italian or an explosive German. Los Angeles has had a few temperamental conductors; where are they now? Mr. Hamilton has done a great work for musical culture in Los Angeles. Quiet, unassuming, scholarly, kindly—here's to Harley Hamilton! May he come back with renewed health and strength ready to take up the baton again if necessity calls.

Of course, speculation immediately arises as to the future of the Symphony orchestra. Mr. Behymer assures me that he has more pledges of financial backing now than ever, and that on the foundation laid by Mr. Hamilton the Symphony Society proposes to rear a still greater musical edifice. Already, thousands of dollars are pledged to this end. The management is considering several possibilities for the director's position. Two or three names that are well known in this country—two, at least, having been at the head of orchestras appearing here, and three or four European conductors of acknowledged standing are under consideration. With sufficient funds, a man of wide experience can be secured who will demonstrate to the local public what can be done on this foundation. On with the guarantee fund!

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
014439 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
February 18, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that William Norris, of 520 N Alameda St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on December 16, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 014439, for SW¼SW¼, Section 23, W¼NW¼, NW¼SW¼, Section 26, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S B Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 1st day of April, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Edward A. Mellus, Joseph A. Anker, William A. Lockwood, all of Santa Monica, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
015440 Not Coal Lands.
U. S. Land Office at

Los Angeles, California, Feb. 8, 1913.
NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker, whose postoffice address is Gen. Del., Santa Monica, California, did, on the 27th day of April, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015440, to purchase the NE¼NE¼, Section 10, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of April, 1913, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
015525 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
February 12, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Ed W. Hopkins, whose post-office address is 322 W. Ave. 54, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 13th day of May, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 015525, to purchase the SE¼NW¼, Section 11, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of April, 1913, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
016863 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
February 19, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Edward L. Mitchell, whose post-office address is 428 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 12th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016863, to purchase the NE¼SE¼, Section 21, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of April, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Social & Personal

Grand opera has been the topic of society this week, and the scenes at the Auditorium, especially the first night, outshone any social event of history in this city. Leaders of the smart set were there in force—the horseshoe of loges and boxes in the theater was filled with beautiful women, handsomely gowned, and the facets of many jewels added a pagan note to the picture. Every seat in the big house was filled; the streets for blocks around were lined with luxurious automobiles; and there were crowding sightseers straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the silken women who glided from their machines into the house of music. It has indeed been a week of social triumphs, as well as musical achievement. There have been but few small affairs, as Los Angeles society women take a real interest in music, especially music of the sort that is being given us this week. Box parties, followed by supper at the fashionable down town hotels and cafes, have occurred each night of the engagement, and Tuesday evening nearly every person of social prominence in the city gathered at The Auditorium. In the audience were noted Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, Mr. and Mrs. Benton Van Nuys, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and the Misses Kate and Annis Van Nuys, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming and the Misses Fleming; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake and Miss Daphne Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts, their family and guests, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Granille McGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Green, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cheney, Col. and Mrs. William M. Garland, Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson and Miss Katherine Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Marco Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stewart, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wrenn, Miss Echo Allen, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off and Miss Georgie Off, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. John Newton Russell, Miss Elizabeth Wolter, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holliday, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. James Slauson, Mr. Ignatio Mott, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman McFie, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Miss Katherine Stearns, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell.

Miss Arreen Barker, daughter of Mrs. B. J. Barker, both of whom have just returned from Honolulu, entertained Tuesday afternoon with a luncheon at the California club in honor of Mrs. Arthur McFarland. Almond blossoms decked the table, where covers were laid for Mrs. Louis Tolhurst, Mrs. Harry Borden, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Everett Seaver, Mrs. Wood, Miss Besie Hill, Miss Florence Silent, Miss Georgie Off, Miss Imogene Wood, Miss Marguerite Drake, Miss Gladys Keeney, Miss Virginia Walsh, Miss Margaret Daniels, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Josephine Lacy and Miss Sarah Gross.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Cline of 2530 South Figueroa street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alice Cline, to Mr. Stanley Walter Guthrie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Guthrie of Arapahoe street. Miss Cline entertained Wednesday

afternoon with a luncheon for her girl friends, at which time the announcement was made. Those bidden to the luncheon included Mrs. Stanley Visel, Mrs. Erwin Widney, Mrs. William Stone, Mrs. Bernard Richards, Mrs. George Applegate, Miss Lillian Van Dyke, Miss Virginia Walsh, Miss Sarah Clark, Miss Frances Richards and Miss Marguerite Hughes.

Mrs. Kate Slauson Vosburg has returned from Berkeley, where she has been visiting her son, Murray Vosburg, who is a student at the state university.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark of Westmoreland place entertained Thursday evening informally at dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Cottier of New York, who have been occupying apartments at Hotel Darby, and who plan to return to the east next month. Mrs. Cottier is a cousin of Mrs. George Denis.

Mr. and Mrs. Gail Borden Johnson of Westlake avenue gave an informal dinner last evening as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson, who will soon leave for a trip abroad.

Miss Josephine Lacy, who has had as a house guest for several weeks Miss Sarah Grosse, entertained the younger set in her honor Thursday afternoon with a charmingly appointed tea at Hotel Alexandria.

Mrs. Arthur Letts of Hollywood will give a tea party at Hotel Alexandria this afternoon in honor of Miss Diane Cate of New York, who is visiting here.

Mrs. Henry Stimson and Miss Doria Simpson, who have had apartments at Hotel Alexandria for several weeks, will leave for New York next week, en route for England. They will probably return next winter for the season's gayeties, as they are social favorites in this city.

Mrs. W. H. Holliday of 1386 West Adams street has issued cards for a large reception which she will hold Thursday afternoon, March 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Doran entertained with a theater party at the Orpheum Monday evening, followed by supper at the Alexandria. Those who enjoyed their hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fusenot, Madame A. Fusenot and Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Vickery were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Christopher at a box party given Monday evening at the Orpheum.

Mrs. A. B. Cass of Oak street and Fair Oaks avenue, who is one of the favorite hostesses of the younger set, entertained Tuesday evening with an informal dancing party. The coming Tuesday she intends to give a similar affair.

Mrs. Charles H. Lippincott of Crown street will entertain this afternoon at Santa Monica with a luncheon for twelve guests.

Mrs. Ellery Henck of West Jefferson street entertained Wednesday with a reception for Mrs. Annis Sargent, who is visiting here from Boston. Acacia blossoms and ferns decorated the house and the hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Robert Workman, Mrs. Allington Hemming, Mrs. George Henck and Miss Grace Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Scott Yerge have returned from their wedding trip and yesterday afternoon Mrs. Yerge and her mother, Mrs. Walter Harrison

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Fisher, presided at an "at home" at Mrs. Fisher's residence on Wilshire avenue.

Mrs. Carrie Mars Smyser of West Twenty-first street announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Helen Smyser, to the Rev. Jesse P. McKnight of this city.

Mrs. Alice Moore McComas, wife of Judge C. C. McComas of this city, who was expected in Los Angeles this month, with her daughter, Carroll, has changed her plans in order to accept an invitation to join a Panama Canal party which sails for the Isthmus

March 10. Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Eaustus, English writers, and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Maxim will make up the party. Mr. Gray is an official of the International Geographical Society and Mrs. Gray is remembered here as Alice Beach McComas, eldest daughter of Judge and Mrs. McComas. Mr. Maxim is a scientist and powder expert. Miss Carroll McComas is to play at the Mason the week of March 17, having the title role in "The Siren." She will be the guest of her father and her sister, Mrs. Norman C. Robinson of Brighton avenue.

Coming Behymer Attraction

Adeline Genee, the little Danish dancer, who, the critics assure the public, has brains in her feet, is to bring her company of dancers and her special orchestra to The Auditorium for five nights and two matinees beginning Friday, March 21, giving the most attractive forms of dancing from 1700 to 1845. Mademoiselle Genee is perhaps the most sensational success of modern times in her class. Her terpsichorean twirlings have been likened to the fine lace of a cobweb; to the embodiment of gayety, of unconscious joy. The grace of her has been the theme for poetry, both in verse and prose. She comes to The Auditorium surrounded by an excellent company of dancers, with Volinin, who is considered the superior of Mordkin, with Mlle. Schmolz and a large number of dancers. The orchestra will render delightful musical accompaniments. To the dancing world Genee and her company sustain the same position as the Chicago Grand Opera Company does to the operatic world, for completeness of detail, artistic stage mountings, electrical devices, etc. The program should be of great interest to the young generation, especially those who are making a study of grace and poetry of motion. It is as follows:

Prelude, "Old Ravane and Passacaille" (Died 1750) (F. J. Rebel). Tableau I—Mlle. Prevost. Dances: Passepied from the ballet "Triomphe de l'Amour" (1863) (J. F. Lully); Chaconne, from "Le Menage de Mohehe" (1663) (J. F. Lully), danced by Mlle. Genee. Paraphrase on Rameau's "Rigaudon" (Dora Bright), Corps de ballet. Tableau II—Mlle. Le Camargo. Dances: Gavotte in F (Padre Martini), Rigaudon (1683) (First performance in 1760) (J. F. Rameau), danced by Mlle. Genee and M. Volinin; Corellis Chaconne, with variations (1663) (Dora Bright), Corps de ballet. Tableau III—Mlle. Guinard, Allard and Mons. Duprex. Pas de Trois—Pantomime and Allegro, from Les Petits Riens (Mozart), Mlle. Genee, Mons. Volinin and Mlle. Schmolz; Menuetto in "A" (Luigi Boccherini), danced by Corps de ballet; Gavotte in "G" from "Paris and Helen" (C. Von Gluck), orchestra. Tableau V—Debut de La Valse. Fantaisie on Waltz Themes (Strauss), orchestra; Waltz, Promotionen (J. Strauss), illustrated by Mlle. Genee and Mons. Volinin; orchestra—Who is Sylvia (Schubert), Das Fischermädchen (Meyerbeer), Du bist Wie Eine Blume (Schumann, Lieder Ohne Worte (B) (Mendelssohn), danced by Mlle. Peters, Mortines, Pruzina; illustrating Lucile Graham and Fanny Cerrito and Carlotta Grisi. Tableau VI—Mlle. Marie Taglioni. Prelude (a) Mazurka (18) (Frederic Chopin), (b) Valse (18) (Frederic Chopin), danced by Mlle. Genee. Tableau VII—The famous Pas de Quatre (1846). Balade, from the ballet, "Coppelia" (Leo Delibes). Intermission. Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Nicolai), orchestra. Meyerbeer's "Robert Le Diable" (divertissement), with Mlle. Genee, Mons. Volinin and Corps de ballet. Interpolated numbers composed by C. J. M. Glaser. Southern Roses (Strauss), orchestra; Pas de Deux: (a) Adagio (M. Hauser), (b) Mazurka (F. Chopin), (c) Butterflies (S. Steinke), Mons. Volinin and Mlle. Schmolz; Polka Comique, from "Les Millions d'Arlequin" (R. Driga). The program will conclude with orchestra selection "The Return From the Hunt," after which Mlle. Genee will give her famous Hunting Dance" to the old English melody by John Peel.

Sunday afternoon at the Shrine Auditorium on West Jefferson street, at 2:30, the entire orchestra ensemble of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, directed by Cleofonte Campanini, with Leopold Kramer, the violinist, as concertmaster, will be heard in an ensemble concert at popular prices, with the leading soloists of the company. The Shrine Auditorium has a seating capacity of 5000, and a big capacity is necessary in giving this concert at popular prices. The Campanini concerts in Chicago always draw crowded houses, and with such soloists as Eleonora de Cisneros, Jane Osborn-Hannah, Clarence Whitehill, Henri Scott, Mabel Riegelman, Ruby Holy, Giovanna Polese the vocal section should be completely artistic. The program includes:

Overture, La Forza del Destino (Verdi), orchestra; General Musical Director, Cleofonte Campanini. Toreador's Song from Carmen (Bizet). Giovanni Polese. Mon Coeur S'Ouvre a ta Voix (Samson and Delilah) (Saint-Saens), Eleonora de Cisneros. (a) Meditation from Thais (Massenet) (violin obligato. Concertmeister Leopold Kramer); (b) Intermezzo, Third Act of The Jewels of the Madonna (Wolf-

Ferrari; (c) Anitra's Dance, from Peer Gynt Suite (Grieg); orchestra. General Musical Director, Cleofonte Campanini. Vesti la Giubba, Pagliacci (Leoncavallo), Giuseppe Gaudenzi. Connais-tu le Pays, Mignon (Thomas), Mabel Riegelman. Dance of the Hours and Finale third act of La Gioconda (Ponchielli), Mmes. De Cisneros and Heyl, Mme. Gaudenzi, Polese, Scott, orchestra and chorus.

Wagner program: Overture, Tannhauser, orchestra, General Musical Director Cleofonte Campanini; Dich Theure Halle, from Tannhauser, Jane Osborn-Hannah; Siegund's Love Song from Die Walkure, Kurt Schoenert; Prelude Der Meisterzinger von Nuernberg, orchestra, General Musical Director Cleofonte Campanini; Wotan's Farewell from Die Walkure, Clarence Whitehill; Finale from first act of Lohengrin, Mmes. DeCisneros and Osborn-Hannah, Mme. Schoenert, Scott and Whitehill, orchestra and chorus.

Friday afternoon, March 14, will be devoted to the fifth of the season series of symphony concerts and it should prove of decided interest. Hortense Paulsen, dramatic soprano of London, who has sung many times with the London Philharmonic and has been soloist with the symphony orchestras of the east the last two seasons is to be the soloist and will offer several new compositions—novel, to America. For the closing symphony, which takes place next month, Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, will be soloist—a fitting finale for this year's symphonic work. After the final concert Director Harley Hamilton will go to Europe for a year's stay. The program in full for Friday's concert is as follows:

Overture to Fidelio (Beethoven), Air de Salome (Massenet), Country Wedding Symphony (Goldmark), Hymne a la Riviere and Hymne au Soleil, from Miarka (Georges), Irish Rhapsody (Victor Herbert). Soloist, Hortense Paulsen, soprano.

Louis Persinger, the American violinist, is to be heard in but two recitals in Southern California; one in Pasadena Monday evening, March 24, and one in Los Angeles the night of March 25.

One of the musical events soon to take place at the Auditorium is the singing of Clara Butt, the English contralto, who will give a recital Thursday evening, March 27, and another Saturday afternoon, March 29. Mr. Kennerly Rumford, the English baritone, will appear on the same program.

Josef Lhevinne has had a wonderful career and is one of the youngest virtuosos who have made good in America. He is a brilliant pianist, and will be heard in recital April 1 and 5, and will be soloist at the symphony concert next month.

Stung, perhaps, by the airy and inaccurate way in which many Atlantic coast dwellers speak of the "West," Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis public library, a transplanted easterner, has set out to enlighten them, and the westerners too, concerning the real status of the vast section bordering the Mississippi usually called "The Middle West." (A. C. McClurg Co.) Mr. Bostwick describes the topography and resources of the country and the psychology of the dwellers therein. What the west has done and is doing in industry, and more important still, in such supposedly typically eastern activities as literature, music, art, science, and university building, are all taken up and treated with sanity and discrimination and lack of any empty rhetoric. The book is bright and readable and will prove a valuable addition to America's means for self-knowledge.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Not coal lands. 013834

U. S. Land Office at

Los Angeles, Cal., January 21, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that Charles J. Johnson, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on Sept. 7, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 013834, for N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 3rd day of March, 1913, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph A. Anker, John Riley, William D. Newell, Cylurus W. Logan, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

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Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Not Coal Lands.

015975

U. S. Land Office at

Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 18, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that John M. Elliott, whose postoffice address is 200 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 11th day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015975, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 9, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00, and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of April, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

February 28, 1913.

015993 Not coal lands

NOTICE is hereby given that Perry Whiting, whose post-office address is 415 E. 9th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 20th day of March, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015993, to purchase Lot 4, Section 7, Township 1 South, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$99.50, the stone estimated at \$49.75, and the land \$49.75; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 13th day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Professional and Business Directory

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CALL AND BROWSE

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Sarah Bernhardt has so long been regarded as the eighth wonder of the world that all the words of praise in the vocabulary of man have been exhausted. That she is one of the most marvelous women of history is undoubted; and the achievement of Martin Beck in persuading her to enter vaudeville is Napoleonic. And yet there is something pitiful in the sight of Sarah Bernhardt playing the marvelously beautiful creatures which her roles characterize. For Age is there—at times when that liquid, magic voice breaks a trifle—it is in the lines of the face, the sad eyes; at moments, even in the lissome youthfulness of her movements there is a gesture which

D'Esta, the sinister duke, is one of the most commanding actors of the decade. He wears ancient costume with perfect grace; he has a most excellent presence; he has voice, personality, appearance; and his denunciation of Lucrece and her people is a brilliant moment. To him belongs a goodly share of the success of the act. M. Terestri, while slightly inclined to redundancy of gesture, even for a Frenchman, is youthfully appealing as Gennaro, Lucrece's young son. A bill of excellence surrounds the famous actress. Josie Heather is indeed a winsome comedienne, a clever entertainer, even though she has a music hall trend toward slight suggestion in her songs. Ignatius Cardosh is a musician in the best



ADELINE GENEE, COMING TO THE AUDITORIUM

betrays her years. And yet her powers as an actress are undiminished, and as Lucrece Borgia, which she played Monday afternoon, she held even a vaudeville audience breathless—an audience which in the mass could not understand one word of the act. The throbbing sweetness of her voice, which is like a strain of music, still alternately thrills and touches the heart; the wonderful grace of her is still a feast for the eye. At the conclusion of the act one almost expects the audience to rise to its feet and hurl its bravos across the footlights. The staging is in harmony with the importance of the offering, and the company is of an excellence that is gratifying. Monsieur Tellegan, who plays

sense of the word. He plays without affectation or mannerisms, nor does he attempt to throw a sop to Cerberus in the form of ragtime ditties—he offers the best, with scholarly technic, and the audience accepts him at his true valuation. Dorothy Brenner and Joseph Ratcliffe have a foolish little patter and song act. The dimpled, delicious Dorothy is a fascinating creature, especially in her little-girl make-up, but Mr. Ratcliff is excess baggage. A silly absurdity with small excuse for existence is a burlesque entitled "And They Lived Happy Ever After;" while McMahon Diamond and Clemence do a singing, talking and dancing feat in their turn, "The Scarecrow." The Symphony orchestra does its usual ex-



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THE HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

Announces the return of the famous

Herr Ferdinand Stark

and his celebrated orchestra whose superb concerts will be a feature of After-Theater Suppers in the Exclusive Mission Grill

After the matinee the ladies will take delight in the dainty Afternoon Tea served in the Main Dining Salon

cellent work with a program of French selections, and its rendition of that stirring, tragic song of freedom, "Marseillaise," is a fitting compliment to Madame Bernhardt.

"Prince of Pilsen" at the Majestic

There are few musical comedies that last so long as "The Prince of Pilsen," and still fewer that have the power of "coming back." But the charms of this offering may be guessed from the fact that audiences at the Majestic this week are mainly composed—and they are not small audiences—of those who have seen the comedy several times and desire to witness it again. Its book is not remarkable, but its songs are tuneful and sentimental, and with a good comedian and good voices its revival is a huge success. Jess Dandy comes back in his original role of Hans Wagner, and his lacerated English, his adoration of Cincinnati, his bath in the fountain on the morning after are still conducive to hysterics of mirth. There are several good voices; that of Frederick Lyon, who plays Lieut. Tom Wagner, and the less effective, but still good organ of Bernard Ferguson—imagine an actor with that name assuming the part of a Carl Otto. Bobby Woolsey, who plays the concierge, is a dancer who is given but small opportunity to display his skill. Lottie Kendall, who once was an adored

prima donna of this city, returns as Mrs. Madison Crocker, more youthful, more becomingly gowned, more magnetic than ever. Edna Wallack is a winsome Nellie Wagner, and Mary Murray is acceptable as Edith Adams, fiancée of Tom. Those old favorites, "The Message of the Violet," the "Widow" trio, "The Tale of the Sea Shell," the "Song of the Cities," the "Pictures in Smoke," still call forth many encores, while the rousing college songs and the men's chorus in the appealing Heidelberg chorus have lost none of their merits. It is a creditable offering, and shows no sign of age.

Offerings Next Week

With the last two performances of the Chicago Grand Opera Company so near at hand, Los Angeles may well appreciate the fact that she has entertained a remarkable aggregation of singers. Monday evening at The Auditorium the second great German opera will be given, namely "Tristan und Isolde" the music drama in three acts by Richard Wagner. This tremendous and tragic love story is generally considered the finest example of Wagner. The cast will include Saltzman-Stevens, de Cisneros, Dalmores, Whitehill, Scott and a number of other good voices. This will be the final performance of this opera on the Pacific Coast. Tuesday evening the last performance of the company will

be given, for such has been the demand for another "Garden" appearance, that instead of closing Monday evening, as originally scheduled, the company will present Bizen's "Carmen," with Mary Garden in her famous part of the cigarette girl, with a capable cast in support.

Sarah Bernhardt, the world's greatest dramatic artiste, begins her second and last week at the Orpheum March 10. Packed houses have greeted this actress at every performance—which is always the rule when Sarah Bernhardt comes to town. For her final week she will offer two new acts. Following "Camille," which is her Sunday bill, she will present for Monday and Tuesday matinee and nights, "Phadre," one of her biggest successes; and Friday matinee and night will be devoted to "La Tosca." Wednesday matinee and night will be given to "Camille," "Lucrece Borgia" will take place Saturday matinee and night and "One Christmas Night" will be presented Thursday matinee and night

been voted the brightest and most attractive of widows, is to have the title role, while Charles Meakins, who has more than two thousand performances of the role to his credit, will be Prince Danilo. Oscar Figman, another veteran in the service of "The Merry Widow," will have one of the big comedy parts, and the other roles will be given to trustworthy hands. The orchestra will include twenty musicians that travel with the company as well as the usual orchestra of the Majestic. The famed Merry Widow waltz, the many song hits, the appealing plot of this colorful opera should make crowded houses the rule at the Majestic.

Sunday night marks the closing performance of "Oliver Twist" at the Morosco theater, and Monday night the Morosco players will offer for the first time by any stock company Augustus Thomas' noted play, "The Witching Hour." In the Morosco presentation Harrison Hunter will succeed to the John Mason role, and should give a distinguished performance. Walter Ed-



HESS SISTERS, AT THE ORPHEUM

and Sunday matinee and night. Despite the wonderful advance sale there are still a few seats left for all these performances. Two changes come in the supporting program. John and Winnie Hennings, known as the "kill-kare couple," will give their singing, dancing and piano playing turn, and the Hess sisters have a dancing act. Holdovers include "They Lived Happily Ever After," Josie Heather, Brenner and Ratcliff and Ignatius Cardosh, the piano virtuoso. After the Bernhardt engagement the Edison Kinetophone, the talking motion-pictures, will be tried out.

Beginning Sunday night the world-famous "Merry Widow" will return to Los Angeles for a week's engagement at the Majestic theater. This Franz Lehar opera took the world by storm, and though it has been produced season after season, its charm never grows less. It has been redressed for this season, and given what is practically an all-star cast, so that its engagement should be more than usually successful. Mabel Wilbur, who has

wards will have the part of Judge Prentice, that fine old gentleman; Thomas MacLarnie will be Hardmuth, the district attorney; Helen Robertson will have her original part of Mrs. Whipple, and other members of the company will be congenially cast. "The Witching Hour" is far removed from the stereotyped brand of modern play. It has novel situations, and a daring theme, but it is worked out in a highly dramatic fashion that holds the audiences tense with interest. The play is to be elaborately staged and is expected to be one of the successes of the season.

"Freckles," the Neil Twomey dramatization of Gene Stratton-Porter's famous book of the same name, will come to the Mason Opera House for the week beginning Monday night, March 10, with an excellent cast of players. It is but a few years since "Freckles" proved one of the biggest successes of the book world, and it is said the play is stronger than the novel. It is laid in the Limberlost region in Indiana, and the dramatist

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER
Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE Oliver Morosco, Manager
WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, MARCH 9.
Henry W. Savage Offers the Musical Sensation of the World

The Merry Widow

BY FRANZ LEHAR
MABEL WILBER, OSCAR FIGMAN, ARTHUR WOOLEY, CHARLES MEAKINS, OLGA ROLLER, VERNON DALHART AND MANY OTHERS OF THE ORIGINAL CAST.
THE FAMOUS MAXIM GIRLS
SPECIAL "MERRY WIDOW" ORCHESTRA

MOROSCO THEATER Broadway bet. Seventh and Eighth
MATINEES THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MARCH 10
The Morosco Producing Company will offer for the first time by any stock organization Augustus Thomas' powerful play,

THE WITCHING HOUR

With HARRISON HUNTER in John Mason's role of Jack Brookfield; HELEN ROBERTSON in her original role; WALTER EDWARDS as Judge Prentiss, AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE MOROSCO COMPANY IN THE CAST.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street. Near Sixth.

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, MARCH 9
Fourth Successful Week of the New Comedy

"The Elixir of Youth"

With ZELLAH COVINGTON in the chief role. SEATS NOW ON SALE

Broadway, bet. 6th & 7th. Home 10477. Main 977. **ORPHEUM THEATER** THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
AMERICA'S FINEST THEATER—ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, MARCH 10,
LAST WEEK OF

Sarah Bernhardt

and a
SUPERB VAUDEVILLE BILL.
Prices—10c to \$1. Boxes and Loges—\$1.50.

MASON OPERA HOUSE Broadway bet. First and Second streets. Charles Frohman—Klaw & Erlanger, Lessees. W. T. WYATT, Manager.
WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, MARCH 10
With the Original New York Cast and Production Intact.

FRECKLES

By Gene Stratton-Porter, author of "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.
A Remarkable Play from a Remarkable Book. Prices 25c to \$1.

has faithfully followed the text of the story. Freckles, the Swamp Angel, McLean, Mrs. Duncan, Wessner and the others of the book may be seen in the play as living characters. There is much of real sentiment in the play as well as the thrill of adventure and a novel setting. It is promised that the producers will give it an excellent stage investiture.

All the city is laughing at Zella Covington and Jules Simonsen's farce, "The Elixir of Life," which has been keeping audiences in convulsions of mirth at the Burbank theater for the last three weeks, and the demand for seats does not diminish in the least. A fourth week of this funniest of comedies is necessary to appease the demand, and the management announces that it will keep the play on for another seven days, beginning with the Sunday matinee. Not only is the farce one of the funniest that have ever been seen on the local stage, but the Burbank company, with Zella Covington in the leading role, is giving one of the best balanced performances of its career. Forrest Stanley as the worried young lover, Grace Travers in a character role, Beatrice Nichols as a sweet young thing, Lillian Elliott as an elderly aunt, Selma Paley as a tempestuous Spanish maiden, and others of the organization are keeping the ball of mirth rolling swiftly at every performance.

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JONATHAN S. DODGE, Director.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
February 26, 1913.

Not coal lands. 03756
NOTICE is hereby given that Guillermo Bojorquez, of Palms, Cal., who, on January 6, 1906, made Homestead entry, No. 03756, for Lots 1, 2, 3 & 4, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, Los Angeles, California, on the 9th day of April, 1913, at 9 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: N. S. Guzman, of Palms, Cal.; Morton Allen, Juan Vargas, Francisco Trujillo, Dolores Trujillo, all of Topanga, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

Up and Down Dame Fashion's Court of Splendor

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," sang the poet of yesterday—but probably the verse-maker of today would paraphrase it to run, "In the spring a woman's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of finery." There is no inspiration like the spring for beautiful clothes—filmy things of lace and embroidery and delicate fabrics; rich silks and silky materials; trimmings that seem to have come from the Arabian nights—the thousand and one bewildering vanities with which feminine beauty is decked.

To see them singly—to read of them in magazines is a treat—but it is little short of wonderful to behold them on our boulevard of fashion, with shop after shop glowing and scintillating with the trophies of nation-wide hunting—for the looms of the world have contributed their weavings to the three-day reign of Dame Fashion which began Wednesday evening. Broadway has been a long picture gallery, brilliantly lighted, with windows hung with the masterpieces of modistes, milliners and manufacturers. These things are as truly artistic achievements as the masterpieces which hang in famous salons—with their glory of coloring; the daring spirit of their conception. The pagan shades of the Balkan colorings are in striking contrast to the simplicity of the Dresdens and Pompadours which are a part of things fashionable for the spring and summer. Sweeping hats with glorious plumes vie with demure French bonnets of lacy beauty, decked with shy rosebuds and forget-me-nots. A season or two ago the modistes would have shrugged their temperamental shoulders in horror at the mention of the colors which are combined this season, but the effect is stunning even though of a barbaric beauty. True artists are these makers of fashion, and no less so are the minds which conceive the effects, the men who dress the windows—those who make this marvelous display of beautiful things possible.

Bullock's, at Seventh and Broadway, is indeed a picture gallery. That long sweep of windows is an impressive sight, filled with the richness of varying shades of gold—ranging from a yellow as delicate as pollen, the frail gold of wheat, and the deeper shade of goldenrod to the rich soft browns of autumn leaves. The glow of sunlight is imprisoned in these windows—in the almond blossoms touched with gilt, in the great frames which hold waxen figures garbed in the richest of garments, in a foreground of fabrics, vanities, trimmings and other conceits. The interior of Bullock's also is beautifully decorated, as it is Bullock's Sixth Inauguration Month, and the lower floor has been a mass of roses and ferns this last week, with scores of yellow songsters pouring their melodies of spring from gilded cages. As usual this store has gathered the frivols and fancies of fashion to an amazing degree. It is a delight to look at the wonderful products of the milliners. It was once said that a woman's crowning glory was her hair, but nowadays it is the hat—and there are hats at Bullock's which would lend at least an illusion of beauty to the plainest of women. There is a saucy new fashion of throwing hat drapes about the throat to form a neckpiece, and this is strikingly shown in a hat of white hair-braid, with a rim of besnard color, edged with a wreath of handmade flowers in besnard and rex purple, with two long streamers of the same hues which are carelessly thrown about the throat. A stunning model which would be just the thing for a reception hat is of sand-colored crepe with a hemp crown wreathed to form the effect of one long feather, sweeping from the front of the hat, across one side and down to the shoulder. For a dress hat an exceedingly

chic conceit is a drooping chapeau draped with maline in the new tete de negre shade, with the underbrim lined with the glowing rose of the new Coque de Roche shade, and with two paradise aigrettes in the two shades. Another bonnet hat, known as the Pannier model, is of the new Coque de Roche velvet and the tete de negre shades, with two golden streamers to be tied coquettishly under the chin. The long spiral plume in the negre shade is the acme of Parisienne charm. For a gown of delicate shades the one hat to harmonize would be a drooping model of sea-gull gray, the long plumes a mass of sea shell pink, faintly tinged with the gray, with here and there a floral touch. The frocks and gowns at Bullock's are also things of beauty. An alluring garment of extreme daintiness is of marquisette, embroidered with blue. Shadow laces and other delicate laces are in great favor for bodice arrangements this season, and this bodice was almost entirely of shadow lace, with insets of the blue embroidery and down the front a row of blue-set rhinestones. The marquisette tunic falls in slightly pannier effect over the foundation skirt of shadow lace and blue satin bands. Quite the smartest frock is in the new brown—the Karolina brown. The waist, veiled with chiffon and with a lapel effect of charmeuse, has long pointed sleeves which fall far over the hand. The skirt, of deeper brown moire, has a slanting panel, finished with balls. A flat double sash in the scallop effect is fashioned of the charmeuse. With this gown is worn a natty little jacket, of moire, with an Eton front and a long pointed back, and a deep yoke with the long shoulder effect. A hemstitched brown collar, over a sub-collar of hemstitched besnard chiffon and a touch of the two-colored chiffon at the sleeves are jaunty embellishments. The Dresdens and Pompadours are as popular this year as the Bulgare tones, and there is a bewitching Eolian crepe in the Dresden. A new design of pompadour silk is that of the figured materials, with stripes added to the pattern, and there are several of this fabric. And then there are the jeweled slippers—the theater caps, the headdresses, the wealth of beautiful fabrics; the handbags, the parasols—and more new things than pen could describe. A novelty worth mentioning is the violet bouquet, fragrant as a newly plucked cluster of the pretty blossoms. They are made of the real violets, which are gathered in Hungary, ground up, put through a mysterious process, moulded by hand, and ready to be worn, still retaining their native fragrance.

Robinson's draw upon their wonderful art department to add to their windows, so that the result is always of unusual grace. The beautiful marbles and handsome lamps which form the details of the decoration are exceedingly effective as backgrounds for the handsome gowns and materials shown. The wisteria and other blooms held on tall baskets and the novel arrangement of the materials causes an outburst of admiration from the gathered throngs. In one window is an evening gown of delicate rose charmeuse, draped with chiffon embroidered with bouquets of roses with braids in varying shades. The draped effect begins at the shoulders and falls to form a short train. A pointed overskirt is heavily decked with crystal garnishings. Another evening robe in the windows is a gold brocade girdled with tete de negre maline which falls almost to the hem of the gown as a sash. Rhinestones are used in decorating the bodice, and the tunic is edged with ostrich fibres of the tete de negre shade. A stunning reception dress—just the thing for a bridge or afternoon affair is a combination of the plain and the brocaded charmeuse. The

little jacket, short in front and with a long rounded panel in the back is of the brocaded charmeuse, with touches of sulphur green, while the narrow, draped skirt is of the plain besnard charmeuse. One of the Third street windows is in Balkan blue, with gowns, hats, and materials in this hue. Another window holds a display of the various expensive silks of the season's favor, intermingled with laces that are utterly irresistible to the feminine heart. Nor are the windows alone in displaying the glories of the season, for the interior of the store shows the handmade lingerie gowns which are to be so fashionable this year; and number of evening and reception gowns, wraps—everything in a distinctive style.

At the Ville garlands of asparagus plumosus make bowers of the windows, with bouquets of American Beauty roses and ferns. Against draperies of cream plush the rich merchandise and imported garments are shown. A Nelrose evening coat is especially effective against the cream. The Faille silk of which it is composed is of a beautiful weave and the Pompadour lining in quaint contrast. A Nelrose reception dress of crepe meteor has a blouse waist with a fine net collar and yoke, with touches of black at the armholes, down the front, in the buttons, etc., while the girdle is a braid of the black and rose, with three knots at the back. A simulated tunic is gathered on a large cord above a straight flounce. A new lingerie gown is of net, with a hem of genuine filet and a tunic of handmade eyelet embroidery to a deep scollop of the filet. The sulphur shaded sash is brought across the shoulders, around the waist, down the front through the tunic and finished with a quaint little bag where Madame might carry a lacy handkerchief. Another frock is of hand-made tucked net, with two tunics, one of the hemstitched net with a flounce of embroidered net hand-worked in a griffin and floral design. The second flounce is of filet lace, and the front panel of tucked net had an edging of real cluny. The long pointed sleeves of the filet turn back with amber silk, the latter material also being used as a girdle, outlining the throat and forming the bands which decorate the bodice. The millinery department is an attractive place these days. There is a fetching dress hat, one of the new flat shapes, fashioned of black lace, with flowers of the various tones of Bulgarian blue, with one big rose underneath the frill of lace which edges the brim. A rakish hat of Nelrose straw has two pompons of maline twined with roses. An imported model is of white with embossed velvet facing, and around the brim a wreath of flowers. Two straight ostrich plumes in white form the trimming. There are many varieties of the Georgette sailor, in the severest lines, the only trimming consisting of a band of ribbon and a lace veil, the latter draped over hat and face and then wrapped around the neck.

Blackstone's windows are artistic with white velvet trimmed with sprays of the yellow acacia, with their fern-like foliage. Perhaps, the quaintest model of the fashion show is of Egyptian crepe printed with large flowers in pompadour style, in rose and blue. It has an old-fashioned air, and yet it is entirely new. A four inch band of plain leaf-green tissue and ecru lace finishes the skirt. With this is worn a lingerie hat of white lace, wreathed with roses and feather fibres and with roses nestling beneath the brim. A handsome coat is of black chiffon, beaded all over with jet and worked in a floral design with white crystal beads. The Bulgarian sleeves has no shoulder seam, and the coat comes to the hem of the dress. In the millinery department are dreams of hats—adorable little bonnets; strikingly severe hats, like the Georgette sailors—

which are also softened by pretty trimming. One Georgette sailor of the long boat shape is of pompadour crepe and a novel trimming of silk foliage band caught on one side with vivid green and white apples. Another model is oaf

white apples. Another model is of a tender shade of green velvet, the soft puffed crown wreathed with a mass of maidenhair ferns which float the tendrils of a Paradise aigrette. A Mary Louise model is of amber and black, the amper straw garnished with black silk, with straw flowers of the two shades as trimming. The French bonnets are especially appealing to the debutantes with their soft laces, pretty flower wreaths and fluffy frills. A stunning street hat comes in a long narrow model in the besnard shade, with taupe velvet trimming and straight out at the back the feather of the gurra, the South African desert bird. A black turban with a question mark formed of a curling aigrette and a jet ornament as the dot is exceedingly fetching.

Nor are the women the only ones interested in the Fashion Show. Harris & Frank have many interesting novelties for the mere man, as well as new beauties in their woman's department. Their suits in gray, soft tans, medium and navy blue and cream will be popular, while there are checks in several new patterns. The Young Person is especially well looked after, with charming ideas in coats, suits and dresses as carefully developed as those for their older sisters. A popular idea in dresses—and also carried out in coats—is to have the body of the garment of a soft color, and the collar and cuffs in a contrasting shade of high-colored silk. The spring waists are to be chiefly in two effects apparently, lingerie and voile. and Harris & Frank's have dozens and dozens, all of different styles. A season's novelty which is already very popular is a Peter Thompson suit in linen, instead of the serges which have endeared this trim little garment to the heart of the school girl the world over. The shades are tan, white and blue, and the suit gives an immaculate appearance in the warm months which are upon us. There are street suits and tailored dresses and silk gowns in crepe or charmeuse, all in the new shades, to be found at this house, besides all the latest creations for the appeasing of man's desire to emulate his feminine rivals.

Wednesday night's opening of the show brought to Vanity Fair the largest crowds of its history. Automobiles, ranging from the dozens of luxurious limousines, touring cars and electric runabouts to the "second hand" of the rancher and the delivery wagon of the little supply house were so thick in the streets that they could barely creep down past the sidewalks which surged with men and women. Everywhere there were handsomely gowned women, paying their tribute to Dame Fashion who is holding court in the most brilliant manner of her local reign.

The Rose Tree Tea House



167 North
Orange Grove
Avenue
Pasadena
Lunch 12 to 2
Afternoon Tea
3 to 6
Sunday Suppers
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Books

Now, with the centenary of the birth of the great missionary explorer in Africa, David Livingstone, March 19, a revived interest moves the world to examine his deeds of heroism again. For the boys and girls George P. Upton's "Life Stories for Young People" series offers a brief and live recital of his noble deeds and exciting adventures in the "Dark Continent," from the German of Gustav Plieninger. Here is fact that is far more fascinating and elevating than any fiction could possibly be. To speak of Livingstone recalls as in the same thought the names of Emin Pasha and Henry M. Stanley. The remarkable story of the heroic governor of the equatorial provinces, who wrought such great changes at Lado and whose cruel death so shocked the world in 1892, although it was not confirmed until two years later. To his untiring devotion to science many museums of Europe attest in valuable collections of plants and animals; and a greater service was rendered in a gentle, beautiful life of benefaction and love of humanity. What more inspiring story than that of Henry Morton Stanley, who was John Rowlands, the humble Welsh lad educated in a workhouse and cabin boy at thirteen, but who left such a brilliant and daring record as a newspaper man and explorer. Sent to the rescue of Emin Pasha and of Livingstone in their dire need he was able to add another notable example of bravery and true manhood. He gave twenty years of service to science in the heart of Africa.

Having read of the great deeds of men of modern times it is not amiss to look into the doings of "Gods and Heroes," also of the "Life Stories" series. Prometheus, Hermes, Phaeton, Orpheus, Perseus, Cadmus, and other dwellers on Mount Olympus are numbered among the company with which the young folk may walk and talk in fancy. Or they may sail with that famous "Argonautic Expedition" or marvel at the "Labors of Hercules." Great little books, these. ("David Livingstone," by Gustav Plieninger. "Emin Pasha," by M. C. Plehn; "Henry M. Stanley's Journey through the Dark Continent," by Richard Roth; and "Gods and Heroes," by Ferdinand Schmidt and Carl Friedrich Becker, and "The Argonautic Expedition and the Labors of Hercules," adapted. "Life Stories for Young People," translated from the German by George Upton. A. C. McClurg Co.)

"Poor Dear Margaret Kirby"

When Kathleen Norris penned that tenderly sympathetic story, "Mother," she was marked at once as a writer of possibilities. Her second book, "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," was a disappointment, but her volume of short stories, entitled "Poor Dear Margaret Kirby," entirely retrieves whatever jot of reputation she may have forfeited. There is a wide range in her tales. The opening story, like most of the others, has a very slender plot, but it is so rife with human interest, little delicate, womanly touches of insight that it grips both the heart and the mind. Men may not care for Mrs. Norris' stories, for the reason that they probably will not understand the psychology of her women, but they will have an irresistible appeal to the feminine mind. The dramatic tale of "The Tide-Marsh," told with a keen

sense of the value of suspense and with a slightly humorous twist even to its very real pathos is thrilling; the gray little tale of love and death and laughter in "Bridging the Years," the several quaint "Alanna" stories—child-stories for grown-ups, the appealing "Gay Deceiver," a throbbing bit entitled "Rosemary's Stepmother," which contains no plot at all, but yet is the story of a lifetime—surely, Mrs. Norris has measured life from many viewpoints, and her findings may be read in this most absorbing collection of tales. It is one of the best woman's books of several seasons. ("Poor Dear Margaret Kirby," by Kathleen Norris. Macmillan Co.)

Easy Lessons for Little Folk

What does the lad or lassie see and do every day? These are the things that serve to teach Bobby or Mary how to tell their elders the happenings in their small world intelligently and well; to form the habit of proper expression. John Morrow has grasped the idea in his "Language for Little People," and has made what often is a very dry and tedious task seem jolly and full of interest to the wee pupils. There are entertaining pictures, such as will attract second reader children. ("Language for Little People," by John Morrow, assistant superintendent of schools, Pittsburgh. American Book Co.)

Notes From Bookland

"Lost in the Arctic," by Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen, which will be published early in March by the George H. Doran Company, is a timely book which should attract considerable attention, in view of the great interest taken at present in polar expeditions. In 1906 an expedition set out from Denmark to explore the as yet unknown parts of Greenland. The survey was completed, but the three men who carried the most valuable papers were lost upon their return journey, and only one of their bodies was reclaimed. It was known that they had about them the scientific data which they had been sent to the north to compile. Another expedition was sent out, under Capt. Ejnar Mikkelsen, to recover the lost documents. In a forty-ton boat he sailed with six companions for Greenland. All that he knew was that somewhere in the North those papers had been hidden by the three explorers before they died, and his orders were to bring them back at all costs. His fate was very nearly that of Scott. The most dramatic portion of his story is that which narrates his race against hunger and scurvy on the return journey. The book is fully illustrated with rare and valuable photographs.

Oscar S. Straus' latest book, "The American Spirit," will be issued this month by the Century Company. The volume will discuss various phases of American history, American diplomatic relations, the protection of American citizens, the growth and advancement of American commerce, etc. Another book to appear at the same time is a mystery story which revolves around the murder of a powerful American financier at his English country house. The author is E. C. Bentley, chief editorial writer on The London Daily Telegraph, and the book is to be called "The Woman in Black." The March list includes a new Finerty book, "Finerty of the Sand-House," by Charles D. Stewart,

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author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," and "The Nest," the first book of short stories by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, whose "Tante" was one of the most talked-about books of 1912.

Reilly & Britton Company of Chicago announce an offer of \$10,000 in cash for the best novel submitted to them by August 31, 1913. The offer is open to everybody without any restrictions. The novel chosen will be published immediately. Frank Reilly states that the prize contest means that the Reilly & Britton Company intends to build up the fiction department of its business. He hopes especially to find new writers in the West. "The offer is the largest ever made, so far as I personally know, for a novel without any conditions as to its character or authorship," Mr. Reilly said. "The Hodder & Stoughton prize of \$5,000, which is to be awarded this year, is split up into three or four parts, and may be competed for only by writers in Great Britain or the colonies."

Robert Herrick's new novel, "One Woman's Life," just published by the Macmillans, is the story of a strong-willed girl in her early teens, who is rebellious at the middle class home in an unfashionable section of Chicago which her father has leased. In the first few scenes of the book there is clearly revealed the principles, as yet not wholly formed, which in time become the guiding forces of Milly's life. That she will not remain all her days cooped up in a house that is barely habitable, that she will meet people and be in touch with and a part of the really worth-while society of the big city, that she will do things, in short be somebody, are among the points on which she quite makes up her mind. It is the old story of the struggle to cut a dash, to live up to appearances and to make those appearances very much larger than the pocketbook justifies, that Mr. Herrick tells.

Probably the most important publication of Charles Scribner's Sons for the current month is Henry James' biographical volume called "A Small Boy and Others." But there are also two novels—"The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, and "The Penalty," by Gouverneur Morris. "A Small Boy and Others" is described as being the

"most charming piece of autobiography imaginable." It is the story of Henry James' own boyhood. Among the surroundings of a New York that seems to belong to past ages the small boy learns his different worlds—that of his family, of his schools and tutors, of his schoolmates and playmates, and of the half-comprehended but endlessly interesting circle of "grown-ups" that make one of the unconscious studies of a child.

The Authors' Society has proved itself worse than useless in matters of this kind (the censorship of books), and it is too big, declares Filson Young. Every amateur who has ever scribbled a book and paid for its publication feels that by joining it he has somehow become a Man of Letters. We want a smaller union of writers who have made sacrifices in the past, or who are prepared to make them in the future, in the interests of speculative thought, freedom of ideas, and an untrammelled life for literature. As one who even today suffers the interposition of the mind of the chemist's assistant between himself and his readers, I would like to be a member.

Echoes are still stirring of the recent controversy in England over the publication of "improper" novels, or novels which at least verge upon the immoral. Certain conditions among both writers and readers of fiction which made such a controversy natural, are shown up with a relentless hand in "The White Shrine" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), by Gerald Villiers-Stuart, just issued. The heroine of this tale is a young author who has left her lonely childhood in Wales for a literary career in London. She falls under the influence of a dissolute artist, a member of the upper Bohemian set, who for mercenary reasons practically forces her to write a novel of a rather doubtful character to which he adds two shameful chapters without her knowledge. How an English-American of inartistic bluntness and directness, but with unspoiled soul, rescues the girl and has her anonymous book suppressed, is the burden of the story which is dedicated to the Philistine, and which probably will reconcile the average man to bearing his lot instead of sighing for the meretricious life of the so-called "artistic temperament."



This week business activities on the Los Angeles stock exchange have dwindled to a marked extent, even more so than was noted in the two weeks previous, and local brokers are predicting a dull month for March.

There have been two new listings on the exchange, Consolidated Realty and Producers Transportation, and what activity was manifest has been more or less confined to these securities. The former has been active at \$105, and this seems almost remarkable considering the terrific slump which this stock has experienced in the past and the lethargic position it has occupied. It was placed on the market when the company was first organized at \$100 and much of it sold at that figure. Then came a money panic and it dropped almost to half its par value, and now it looks as if the promoters have put it on its feet again. Producers Transportation has been strong all week, having advanced from \$89 to \$92 a share within a few days. It is touted to reach par before long.

There was a trace of activity in oil stocks. Amalgamated took a spurt and is now selling as high as \$87 when last week it could have been taken on at \$84. A new well and other improvements are said to have caused the rise in price. California Midway has dropped in value from 13 to 10 cents, and even a further slump is not unlikely. The contributing cause is said to be the losing of a number of valuable hooks in one of the wells.

National Pacific which has sold as high as 4½ cents, is now bringing 3½ with little demand for it. Midway Northern and Maricopa Northern are selling at about a half cent lower than last week, the former bringing 9½ and the latter 4½. They figure on the board every day at these prices. Union Oil is active at 92, but none of the Union issues is so strong as was true last week and insiders look for a slight drop within the next few days.

Telephone securities are still quiet with little demand for any sort. Home common at \$10 a share is a slight exception. Bonds are quiet.

There is a good demand for bank stocks, and First National again changed hands at \$730 a share this week, which is the top notch price for that security.

In the mining list the only oasis amid a desert of inactivity is found in Consolidated Mines which was active at 6½ cents, a cent and a quarter rise over last week's quotations. It is said that the company has its mill ready for operation and is merely waiting for the power company to arrange for the necessary electric current before beginning milling the ore. As soon as this takes place a pyrotechnic jump is expected in this stock.

Money market is about the same, with money perhaps even a trifle easier than it was last week.

Banks and Banking

There is a savings bank in Bremen, Germany, which is unique in a number of ways. It has been in business since 1825, and has steadily grown, until now it has deposits of more than \$31,000,000, with nearly 200,000 savings books out.

This bank, called the Sparkasse, is in the nature of a private savings and loan institution conducted for the exclusive benefit of its depositors. It was founded by eighty prominent citizens

of Bremen without any idea of personal gain. It was instituted mainly for the purpose of offering an inducement for saving to the people of the city, especially to the poorer classes, by giving them a safe opportunity for investment and a profitable return on their savings. A second object was to establish a source of supply or creative means for the furtherance of public welfare and charities. In the beginning a law was enacted by which it was directed that none of the profits should ever be divided among the members of the society, but that they should be distributed among charitable institutions and enterprises of public utility and expended for the common welfare. When the bank had been in business for fifteen years it donated \$1,000 from its surplus earnings to a charitable institution. In the year following numerous larger gifts were made for the public welfare, charity, and the general improvement of the social conditions of the poorer classes. In 1875 the building of a public bath was made possible by a gift of \$75,000 from the bank. Fifteen years later \$57,000 was given the city to help it carry out its long-cherished plans of erecting a People's Museum. In 1900 \$20,000, and in 1901 \$12,000 more were given for educational purposes. Other donations have been made to hospitals, orphan asylums, libraries, schools, old folks' homes, &c. Up to the present time the bank has given away \$785,000 from its surplus.

Permission has been granted by the comptroller of currency to organize a bank at San Gabriel.

Farmers and Merchants Bank of Redondo is to erect a seven story building.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Transactions in stocks on the New York Stock Exchange for February were the smallest for the same month in any year since 1897. Last month's sales aggregated 6,641,440 shares, a decrease of 2,092,760 shares as compared with January, and of 449,752 shares as compared with the corresponding month last year. The heaviest day's trading occurred Feb. 25, when the sales were 524,276 shares and the lightest February 6, with transactions in only 165,665 shares.

April 15 has finally been set as the date on which Los Angelenos are to vote on the \$15,100,000 bond issue. The projects considered are aqueduct power distributing system, \$6,500,000; Chatsworth line of aqueduct, \$2,000,000; Franklyn canyon line, \$1,500,000; San Dimas high line, \$2,500,000; new city hall, \$1,000,000; normal school site, \$600,000, and municipal railroad, \$1,000,000.

Perris is considering an election to settle the question of issuing \$20,000 for acquiring a water system.

San Bernardino has amended its city charter so that it is now possible to vote bonds up to 15% of the city's assessed valuation.

Special election will be held in Tropic March 20 to vote on a bonded indebtedness of \$25,000 for municipal improvements.

Official announcement is made by the Pacific Gas and Electric company that pursuant to a resolution adopted by the directors at a meeting February 5, a

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special meeting of the stockholders has been called for April 8 to authorize an increase of \$5,000,000 in the company's funded debt, in the form of ten year 6 per cent debenture bonds.

Lancaster school district will construct a modern grammar school, bonds for \$10,000 having been voted for that purpose.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. Not Coal Lands—013966

Feb. 17, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Roland Emery Williams, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on Sept. 29, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 013966, for S½SW¼, Section 25, SE¼SE¼, Section 26, Township 18, Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of invention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 31st day of March, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: James H. Jackson, Hippolyte Bieule, William Eckhardt, Ray Bell, all of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR Not Coal Lands. 015737

U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 18, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that John Parkinson, whose postoffice address is 1035 Security Building, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 7th day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 615737, to purchase the NE¼, Section 24, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00, and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of April, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR Not Coal Lands. 015689

U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 18, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that William M. Garland, whose postoffice address is 324 Huntington Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 1st day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015689, to purchase the W¼SE¼, Section 10, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$120.00, and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of April, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and
Profits, \$700,000.

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Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$73,000.

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W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

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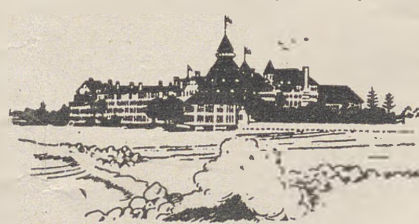
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